

7663

THE WORKS OF
HIS GRACE GEORGE VILLIERS,
DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

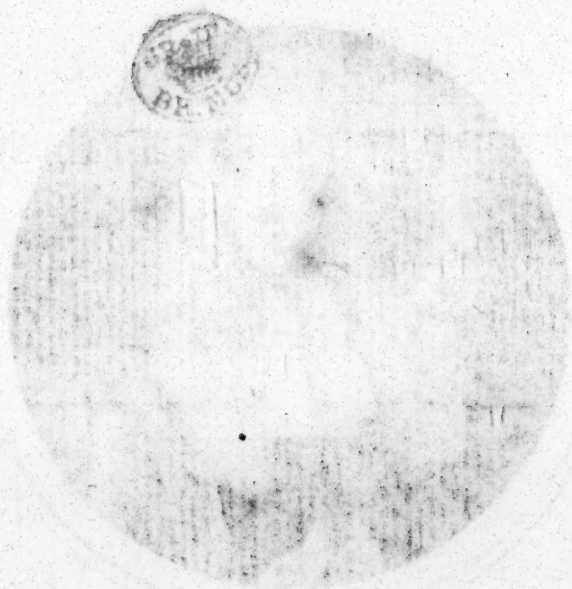
CONTAINING
HIS PLAYS AND MISCELLANIES IN PROSE AND VERSE,
WITH EXPLANATORY NOTES,
AND MEMOIRS OF THE AUTHOR.

VOL. II.



J. Collyer sculp^t

L O N D O N.
PRINTED FOR T. EVANS, IN THE STRAND.
M D C C L X X V.



THE
RESTORATION:

OR,
RIGHT WILL TAKE PLACE.

A
TRAGI-COMEDY.

VOL. II.

B



T H E
P R O L O G U E.

NOTHING is harder in the world to do,
Than to quit what our nature leads us to.
As this our friend here proves, who, having spent
His time and wealth for other folks content ;
Tho' he so much as thanks could never get,
Can't, for his life, quite give it over yet ;
But, striving still to please you, hopes he may,
Without a grievance, try to mend a play.
Perhaps he wish'd it might have been his fate
To lend a helping hand to mend the state :
Tho' he conceives, as things have lately run,
'Tis somewhat hard at present to be done.
Well, let that pass, the stars that rule the rout,
Do what we can, I see, must whirl about :
But here's the devil on't, that, come what will,
His stars are sure to make him loser still.
When all the *Polls* together made a din,
Some to put out, and others to put in,
And every where his fellows got and got
From being nothing to be God knows what ;
He, for the public, needs would play a game,
For which he has been trounc'd by public fame ;
And to speak truth, so he deserv'd to be
For his dull clownish singularity :
For when the fashion is to break one's trust,
'Tis rudeness then to offer to be just.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

The King.

Philander, true heir to the crown.

Thrasomond, Prince of Spain.

Cleon, a Lord.

Agremont, } Gentlemen, his confederates,
Adelard, }
A Spaniard, Governor to Prince Thrasomond.

W O M E N.

Araminta, the King's daughter.

Melesinda { A modest lady attending on the
Princess.

Alga, a wanton court lady.

Two other court ladies.

Euphrosyne, { Daughter to Cleon, but disguised
like a page, under the name of
Endymion.

Scene, SICILY.

THE
R E S T O R A T I O N :
O R,
RIGHT WILL TAKE PLACE.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

Cleon, Agremont and Adelard.

Agr. **H**ERE'S no body come yet.

Cleon. They had orders from the King to attend here. Besides, it has been published, that no officer should deny admission to any gentleman that desires to attend and hear.

Agr. Can you guess the cause of this ceremony?

Cleon. That's plain, Sir, the foreign Prince that's come to marry Araminta, heiress to this kingdom.

Adel. Your diving politicians, and those who would seem to have deep intelligence, give out that she does not like him.

Cleon. O, Sir, the multitude speak what they would have. But her father has sent this Prince

6 THE RESTORATION; OR,

so many assurances of the match before his coming over, that I think she's resolved to be ruled.

Agr. And will this foreign Prince enjoy both the kingdom of Sicily and Calabria, Sir?

Cleon. That it is so intended is most certain; but it will sure be very troublesome and difficult for him to enjoy them both in safety; the right heir to one of them being now living, and of so noble and virtuous a character, especially when the people are possessed with an admiration of the bravery of his mind and pity of his injuries.

Agr. You mean Philander.

Cleon. I mean the same. His father, we all know, was unjustly driven by our late King of Calabria from his fruitful Sicily: I wish the blood I drew myself in those accursed wars was well wash'd off.

Agr. My ignorance of the affairs of Sicily will not let me know how it comes to pass that Philander (being heir to one of these kingdoms) the King should suffer him to go abroad so much at liberty.

Cleon. Your temper is more fortunate, I find, than to busy yourself in enquiring after state news; but I must tell you that lately the King
risqu'd

RIGHT WILL TAKE PLACE. 7

risqu'd both his kingdoms for offering to imprison Philander. For the city rose in arms, nor could be quell'd by any threats or force, till they saw the Prince ride thro' the streets unguarded; and then throwing up their caps with loud huzzas and bonfires, they laid aside their military appointments. This reason politicians give for the marriage of his daughter to a foreign Prince, that he may be able to keep his own people in awe by his forces.

Agr. Who is this Prince's father?

Cleon. A person of mean extraction, but by wiles and arts obtaining power, usurp'd the kingdom where he reigns, and keeps it under by a standing army, which our King intends to copy.

Enter Melesinda, Alga, a lady and a Spaniard.

Adel. See the ladies, what's the first?

Cleon. A worthy lady that attends the Princess.

Adel. The other that follows her?

Cleon. She is one that loves to try the several constitutions of mens' bodies, and indeed has destroyed her own by making experiments upon them, for the good of the commonwealth.

Agr. Of which she is certainly a very profitable member.

8 THE RESTORATION; OR,

Adel. And pray what odd grave fellow's that who follows alone?

Cleon. One of Prince Thrafsomond's train, and his governour.

Agr. Why? is that Prince a boy?

Cleon. Yes, he's a pretty forward boy about four and twenty.

Adel. That is a forward boy indeed; when will he be a man?

Cleon. Never; he'll live a boy till threescore, and then turn child again.

May you have your desires, ladies!

Alga. Then you must sit down by us.

Adel. With all our hearts, ladies.

Gover. I will sit near this lady.

Mel. Not near me, Sir, but there's a lady loves a stranger, and you appear to me a very strange fellow.

Agr. Madam, how strange soever he is, he will not be so long, for I perceive he can quickly be acquainted.

Adel. Peace; the King.

Enter King, Thrafsomond, Araminta and Train.

King. To give a stronger testimony of love
Than only promises (which commonly

In

RIGHT WILL TAKE PLACE. 9

In princes find at once both birth and burial)
We've drawn you by our letters, noble Prince,
To make here your addressees to our daughter.
And yourself known and lov'd by all our subjects.
As for this lady maid, whose sex and innocence
Yet teach her nothing but her fears and blushes :
I hope her modesty so recommends her to you for
a wife,

Were she not fair enough to be a mistress.
Lastly, my noble son, (for so I now must call you)
That I have done this publicly, is not
To add a comfort in particular
To you or me, but all, and to confirm
The nobles and the gentry of these kingdoms
By oath to your succession ; this shall be
Within a week at most.

Adel. This will be hardly done.

Agr. It must be ill done whensoever it is done.

Cleon. At least it will be but half done whilst so
brave a man is thrown off and living.

Enter Philander,

Officer. Make room there for the Lord Philander.

Adel. Mark but the King how pale he looks
with fear,

King,

10 THE RESTORATION; OR,

King. What brings him here? You're curious
I find

To see this interview.

Phil. The wonders, Sir, your Majesty has often
spoken in praise

Of Thraſomond, makes me deſire to hear
What he can ſay himſelf.

Gover. Come, now begin.

Thraſ. Kifſing your white hand, miſtreſs, I take
leave

To thank your royal father, and thus far
To be my own free trumpet: then obſerve,
Great King, and theſe your ſubjects, mine that
muſt be.

For ſo deſerving you have ſpoke me, Sir,
(And ſo deſerving I dare ſpeak myſelf)
To a perſon of what eminence,
What expectation, what faculties,
Manners and virtues you will wed your kingdoms;
You have in me, all you can wiſh. This country
By more than all my hopes, I hold moſt happy
In their dear memories, that have been kings
Both great and good; happy in yours, that is,
And from you (as a chronicle to keep
Your noble name from eating age,) do I

Opine

RIGHT WILL TAKE PLACE. 11

Opine myself of all most happy, Sir.
Believe me in a word, a prince's word,
There shall be nothing to make up a kingdom
Mighty and flourishing both fenc'd and fear'd,
But thro' the travels of my life I'll find it,
And tie it to this country: And I vow
My reign shall be so easy to the subjects,
That every man shall be his prince himself,
And his own law, yet I his prince and law.
And, dearest lady, to your dearest self;
Dear in the choice of him, (whose name and lustre
Must make you more and mightier,) let me say,
You are the blessed'st living; for, sweet Princess,
You shall enjoy a man to be your servant,
And you shall make him your's for whom great
Queens

Must die and sigh.—

Phil. Thou ugly filly rogue.

Cleon. I wonder what's his price, for one may see
He has a mind to sell himself by his praises.

Agr. Would I might die if I see any thing
In him to raise him but to a constable.

Adel. Now do I fancy that this speech was made
by the governor.

Agr. O' my conscience I think so too, for by
his

his action you might see the fool did not understand what he said.

Cleon. Well, we shall see more of it anon.

Phil. May I beg leave, Sir, of your Majesty, To speak a word or two with this strange prince?

King. I give it you; but still remember that you are a subject.

Phil. Yes, Sir, I am so: and more a slave to Araminta,

And in spite of thee and fate will be so ever. [*Aside.*
Thus—I turn myself to you, big foreign man,
Ne'er stare nor put on wonder, for you must
Endure me, and you shall. This earth you tread on
(A dowry, as you hope, with this fair Princess,
Whose very name I bow to) was not left
By my dead father (O! I had a father!)
To your inheritance; and I up and living,
Having myself about me and my sword,
These arms, and some few friends besides the gods,
To part so calmly with it, and sit still;
And say I might have been! I tell thee, Thra-
somond,

When thou art King, look I be dead and rotten,
And my name lost: hear, hear me, Thrasomond,
This very ground thou go'st on, this fat earth,

My

RIGHT WILL TAKE PLACE 13

My father's friends made fertile with their faith,
Before that day of shame shall gape, and swallow
Thee and thy nation, like a hungry grave,
Into her hidden bowels; Prince, it shall,
By Nemesis it shall.

Cleon. Here's a fellow has some fire in his veins.
The out-landish Prince looks like a tooth-drawer.

King. You do displease us: you're now too bold.

Phil. No, Sir, I am too tame;
Too much a dove, a thing born without passion;
A very shadow, that each drunken cloud
Sails over, and makes nothing.

King. What means this?
Call our physicians; sure he's somewhat tainted.

Adel. I do not think 'twill prove so.

Cleon. 'Has given him a general purge already,
and now

He means to let him blood. Be constant, gentlemen,
By these hilts I'll run his hazard, tho' I run my
name

Out of the kingdom.

Thras. Must I speak now? [To his governor.

Gov. Ay, ay, and do it home.

Thras. What you have seen in me to stir offence
I cannot tell, except it be this lady,

Whom

Whom the king offer'd me without my seeking.
And I expect he will secure her to me.

Gov. You must be angry, Sir.

Thras. Well then, I will.——

I value not whose branch you are, my blood
And person do deserve her well, and I
Therefore assure you that she shall be mine.

Phil. If thou were sole inheritor to him
That once subdu'd the world, and could'st see no sun
Shine upon any thing but thine; were Thrasomond
As truly valiant as I feel him cold,
And reign'd among the choicest of his friends,
Such as would blush to talk such serious follies,
Or back such bellied commendations.

King. Sir, you wrong the Prince, I gave you not
The freedom here to brave our best of friends;
You deserve our frown. Go to,----and be better
temper'd.

Phil. It must be, Sir, when I am nobler us'd.

King. Tell me what you aim at in your riddles.

Phil. Had you my eyes, Sir, and my sufferings,
My griefs upon you, and my broken fortunes,
My wants great, and now naught but hopes and
fears,

My wrongs would make ill riddles to be laugh'd at.

King. Give me your wrong in private.

Phil. Take 'em then, [Whispers.
And ease me of a load would bow strong Atlas.

Agr. He dares not stand the shock.

Cleon. I cannot blame him, there's danger in it ; every man in this age has not a breast of christal for all men to read their thoughts through. Mens hearts and faces are so far asunder, that they hold no intelligence. Do but view your stranger well, and you shall see a fever thro' all his bravery. If he give not back his crown again on the report of an elder gun, I have no augury.

King. Go to: be more of yourself, as you expect Our favour, else you will stir our anger ;
I must have you know you are and shall be at
Our pleasure : smooth your brow, or by the gods--

Phil. I'm dead, Sir, you're my fate: it was not I
Said I was wrong'd: I carry all about me
My weak stars lead me to; all my weak fortunes.
Who now, in all this presence, dares (that is
A man of flesh, and is but mortal) tell me
I do not most entirely love this Prince,
And honour his full virtues ?

King. He's posselt.

Phil. Yes, with my father's spirit. 'Tis' here O
king !

A dangerous spirit, now he tells me king,
 I was a king's heir, bids me be a king,
 And whispers to me these are all my subjects :
 'Tis strange he will not let me sleep, but dives
 Into my fancy, and there gives me shapes,
 That kneel, and do me service, call me King ;
 But I'll suppress him, 'tis a factious spirit.

King. I do not like this ;
 I'll make you tamer, or I'll dispossess
 You both of life and spirit : for this time
 I pardon your wild speech, without so much
 As your imprisonment.

[*Exeunt King, Thraſomond and Train.*

Cleon. I thank you, Sir, you dare not for the
 people.

See how his fancy labours : has he not
 Spoke home and bravely ? What a dangerous train
 Did he give fire to ! How he shook the king !
 Made his soul melt within him, and his blood
 Run into whey ! It stood upon his brows
 Like a cold winter's dew. Let's speak to him.

Agr. How do you, worthy Sir ?

Phil. Well, very well ;
 So well, that if it please the King, I may live
 Many years.

RIGHT WILL TAKE PLACE. 17

Cleon. The king must please,
Whilst we know what you are, and who you are,
Your wrongs and merits. Shrink not, noble Sir,
But think still of your father, in whose name
We'll waken all the gods, and conjure up
The rods of vengeance; th' abused people,
Who like to raging torrents shall swell high,
And so begirt the dens of these male dragons,
That thro' the strongest safety they shall beg
For mercy at your sword's point.

Phil. Friends, no more:
Our ears may be corrupted: 'tis an age
We dare not trust our wills to: do you love me?

Cleon. Do we love worth and honour?

Phil. I thank you, Sir;
My lord, pray is your daughter living?

Cleon. Yes;
And for the penance of an idle dream
Has undertaken a tedious pilgrimage.

Enter a Lady.

Phil. Is it to me you come?

Lady. To you, brave lord.
The Princess would intreat your company.

Phil. The Princess send for me? Sure you're
mistaken.

18 THE RESTORATION; OR,

Lady. If you are called Philander.

Phil. If she but now will love or kill me I am
happy.

will this moment attend thee to her

[*Exit with Lady.*

Cleon, Go on, and be thou as truly happy as
th' art fearless.

Come, gentlemen, let us make our friends ac-
quainted,

Left the king prove false.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Araminta and Lady.

Ara. Will Philander come ?

Lady. Dear madam, you were wont to credit me
at first,

Ara. But didst thou tell me he would come ?

How look'd he when he told thee he would come ?

Lady. Why, well.

Ara. And was he not a little fearful !

Lady. How ! fearful ! sure he knows not what
that is.

Ara. You are all of his faction, the whole court
Is bold in praise of him ?

Lady. Madam, his looks methought did shew
much more

Of love than fear.

RIGHT WILL TAKE PLACE. 19

Ara. Of love ! To whom ? To you ?

Lady. Madam, I mean to you.

Ara. Of love to me ! Alas ! Thy ignorance
Let's thee not see the crossness of our births.
Nature that loves not to be questioned
Why she did this or that, but has her ends,
And knows that she does well ; never gave the
world
Two things so opposite, so contrary
As he and I am.

Lady. Madam, I think I hear him.

Ara. Bring him in.

Ye gods ! that will not have your dooms withstood,
Whose holy wisdom, at this time it is
To make the passion of a feeble mind
The way to your great justice. I obey.

Enter Philander.

Lady. Here is my lord Philander.

Ara. 'Tis well.----What shall I say ?

Phil. Madam, your messenger
Made me believe you sent to speak with me.

Ara. 'Tis true, Philander, but the words are
such,

So unbecoming of a virgin's mouth,

That I could wish 'em said by any other body.
Can you not guess what 'tis that I would say?

Phil. When I behold
That heav'nly frame, I find such sweetness there,
I cannot think you guilty of a thought
Which has a harshness in it, much less a cruelty.
But then, when I consider who you are,
And what your father is, how can I chuse
But fear you must intend my utter ruin.

Ara. You are not well acquainted with my
thoughts,
Tho' they are such as make me blush as oft
As I would fain discover them to you;
Yet for my life I cannot think them ill,
Nor wish them other, than what just they are.

Phil. Why won't you tell them then?

Ara. Because I dare not tell them.

Phil. Yes you may:
Let them be ne'er so cruel, I will here
My doom with patience, and obey it too.
Say you would have my life, I'll give it you;
For 'tis of me a thing so loath'd, and of
So small a use to you, who ask it of me,
That I shall make no price if you would have it.

Ara.

Ara. Why then it is your life that I must have,
Your whole entire life, or lose my own.

Phil. I gladly thus resign it to you : here,
Draw this and kill me ; I shall thank you for it :
For since my cruel fortune has decreed,
That you must never, madam, give consent
To what alone can make me live with ease,
The dying by your hand is all I covet.

Ara. Oh ! 'tis not so, Philander, that I mean ;
Kill you ! no, I'd sooner die myself
Than offer you but once the least offence.
Why I would rather kill myself than live,
If't be my fate that you would have it so.
By all the holy powers I would. Good gods !
Cannot you guess my meaning yet.

Phil. Oh heavens !
What is't she means ! It cannot sure be love ;
And yet she is too full of noble thoughts
To lay a train for this contemned life,
Which she might have for asking : madam, you
Perplex my mind so much with what you say,
I know not what to think ; I know well what
To wish for ; I so earnestly do wish it
That indeed I can think of nothing else,
'Twas not the fear of losing of a crown

22 THE RESTORATION; OR,

That gave my tongue such rage 'fore you this day.
The crown's a thing of which I feel no want,
But that I have it not to offer you.
There is another fear lies deeper here,
The fear of losing that on which my life
Depends; and which I ne'er shall tamely part with:
For, madam, know, while poor Philander lives,
'Tis but in vain your father shall pretend
To marry you to any but----

Ara. But to whom?

Phil. But to him who wants the impudence to
hope

So great a blessing: one who harbours thoughts
Of what he is so mean and humble in
Respect of you, that were his council ask'd
Whether or no you ought to make him happy,
He fears he hardly could advise you to it;
Who is however still resolved to die,
Before he sees you given to another;
And therefore on his knees begs you to kill him.

Ara. Another soul into my body shot,
Could not have warm'd my heart with more new
life

Than these your words have done; had you but
staid,

A little

A little longer I had vow'd the same ;
But I am wretched now, unless you love me.

Phil. Love you !

My soul adores you with so strong a zeal,
So far above the rate of common love,
That mine deserves a more exalted name,
If any more exalted I could find.

Ara. I have then no more to ask of heav'n ;
And sure our love will meet the greater blessing,
In that the greatest justice of the gods
Is blended with it. But you must not stay,
Lest some unwelcome guest should find you here.
Think how we may continue a secret way
To keep intelligence betwixt us, that
On all occasions we may both agree,
Which path is best to tread.

Phil. I have a boy,
Sent by the gods, I think, for this intent,
Not yet seen in the court. Hunting the buck,
I found him sitting by a fountain side,
Of which he borrow'd some to quench his thirst,
And paid the nymph again as much in tears :
A garland by him lay, made by himself,
Of many several flowers he'd in the bay
Stuck in that mystick order, that the rareness

Delighted me; but ever when he turn'd
 His tender eyes upon them, he would weep,
 As if he meant to make them grow again.
 Seeing such pretty helpless innocence
 Dwell in his face, I ask'd him of his story.
 He told me that his parents lately dy'd,
 Leaving him to the mercy of the field,
 Which gave him roots, and of the cristal springs,
 Which did not stop their streams; and of the sun,
 Which still, he thank'd him, yielded him his light,
 I gladly entertain'd him, who was as glad to follow;
 And I've got the truest and most faithful boy alive,
 Him will I send to bear our hidden love.

Enter Lady.

Lady. Madam, the Prince is come to kiss your hands.

Ara. For heaven's sake, dear Philander, hide yourself.

Phil. Hide me from Thrasomond! when thunder roars,

Which is Jove's voice, tho' Jove I do revere,
 I hide me not? shall then a foreign Prince
 Have leave to brag to any foreign nation,
 That he did make Philander hide himself?

Ara.

RIGHT WILL TAKE PLACE. 25

Ara. Why then say nothing to him.

Phil. I'll obey.

Enter Thrasomond.

Thras. My princely mistress, as true lovers ought,
I came to kiss those fair hands, and to shew,
In outward ceremonies, the dear love,
Writ here within my heart.

Phil. If I can have no other answer,
I am gone.

Thras. To what would he have answer?

Ara. To his claim, as he pretends, to his fa-
ther's crown.

Thras. Sir, I did let you alone to-day before
the King.

Phil. Sir, do so still, I would not talk with you.

Thras. But now the time is fit. Do but name
the least pretence or title to a crown.

Phil. Peace, Thrasomond,—if thou—

Ara. Philander, hold.—

Phil. I have done.

Thras. You're gone, I'll fetch you back again.

Phil. You shall not need.

Thras. What now?

Phil. Know, Thrasomond,

I loath

I loath to brawl with such a blast as thou,
 Who art nothing but a valiant voice: but if
 Thou shalt provoke me farther, men shall say,
 Thou wert, and not lament it.

Thraf. Do you flight my greatness so?
 And in the chamber of the Princess?

Phil. It is a place, to which I must confess,
 I owe a reverence. But wer't in a church,
 Nay, at an altar; there's no place so safe,
 Where thou dar'st injure me, but I dare kill thee;
 And for your greatness know, Sir, I can grasp
 You and your greatness thus, thus into nothing;
 Give me not a word back.—Farewel. [*Exit.*

Thraf. 'Tis an odd fellow this as e'er I saw.
 I'll stop his mouth hereafter with some office.

Ara. You had best to make him your counsellor.

Thraf. I think he would discharge it well. But,
 Madam,

I hope our hearts are knit; but yet so slow
 The ceremonies of state are, that 'twill be long
 Before our hands be so, therefore now,
 Without expecting farther ceremonies,
 Let us enjoy some stol'n delights together.

Ara. Since you dare utter this I must withdraw.

[*Exit.*

Thraf.

RIGHT WILL TAKE PLACE 27

Thras. Nay, if you are so squeamish thank yourself,
If I should try elsewhere.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Philander, Endymion.

Phil. **A**ND thou shalt find her honourable, boy,
Full of regard unto thy tender youth,
For thy own modesty, and for my sake,
Apter to give than thou wilt be to ask.

End. Sir, you did take me up when I was
nothing;

And only yet am something by being yours;
You trusted me unknown; and that which you
Were apt to construe innocence in me,
Might have been craft; the cunning of a boy
Harden'd in lies and theft; yet ventur'd you
To part my miseries and me; for which,
I never can expect to serve a lady
That bears more honour in her breast than you.

Phil.

Phil. But, boy, it will prefer thee, thou art young,

And bear'st a childish overflowing love
To them that speak thee fair; when thy age
And judgment once shall end those passions,
Thou wilt remember best these careful friends
That plac'd thee in the noblest way of life;
She is a Princess I prefer thee to.

End. In that small time that I have seen the world,

I never knew a man hasty to part
With servants he thought trusty: I remember
My father would prefer the boys he kept
To greater men than he; but did it not
Till they were grown too faucy for himself.

Phil. Why, gentle boy, I find no fault at all
In thy behaviour.

End. Sir, if I have made
A fault of ignorance, instruct my youth;
I shall be willing, if not apt to learn:
Age and experience will adorn my mind
With larger knowledge; and if I have done
A wilful fault, think me not past all hope
For once; what master holds so strict a hand
Over his boy, that he will part with him

Without

Without one warning ? Let me be corrected
To break my stubborness, if it be so,
Rather than turn me off, and I shall mend.

Phil. Thy love doth plead so prettily to stay,
That, trust me, I could weep to part with thee.
Alas ! I do not turn thee off ; thou know'st
It is my business that doth call thee hence,
And when thou art with her, thou dwell'st with me ;
Think so, and 'tis so : and when time is full,
And thou hast well discharg'd this heavy trust,
Laid on so weak a one, I will again
With joy receive thee ; as I live I will :
Nay, weep not, gentle boy, 'tis more than time
Thou did'st attend the Princess.

End. I am gone ;
But since I am to part with you, my lord,
And none knows whether I shall live to do
More service for you, take this little pray'r ;
Heav'n bless your loves, your fights, all your de-
signs ;
May sick men, if they have your wish, be well ;
And heav'n hate those you curse, tho' I be one.

[*Exit.*

Phil. The love of boys unto their lords is strange,
I have read wonders of it : yet this boy,

30 THE RESTORATION; OR,

For my sake (if a man may judge by looks
And speech) would outdo their story: I may see
A day to pay him for his loyalty. [Exit.

Enter Araminta and a Lady.

Ara. Where is the boy?

Lady. I think within, madam.

Ara. But are his cloaths made yet?

Lady. He has 'em on.

Ara. 'Tis a pretty fad talking boy this, is
He not? I would fain know his name.

Lady. Endymion, madam.

Enter Melesinda.

Ara. Oh, you are welcome: What good news?

Mel. As good as any one can tell your Highness,
That says she has done that you would have wish'd.

Ara. Hast thou discover'd?

Mel. Yes. I have strain'd a point
Of modesty for you.

Ara. I prithee how?

Mel. In lift'ning after baudry. I perceive
Let a lady live never so modestly,
She will be sure to meet one time or other
Without opportunities of hearing that.

Your

RIGHT WILL TAKE PLACE. 31

Your Prince, brave Thrasomond, has been so
amorous,

And in so excellent a stile !

Ara. With whom ?

Mel. Why, with the lady that I did suspect.
I am inform'd both of the time and place.

Ara. O when ! and where !

Mel. To night : her chamber.

Ara. Run

Thyself into the presence ; mingle there
With other ladies ; leave the rest to me.
If destiny (to whom we dare not say
Why thou didst this) have not decreed it so,
In lasting leaves, (whose smallest characters
Were never alter'd) then this match shall break.
Where is the boy ?

Lady. Here, Madam.

Enter Endymion.

Ara. You are sad,
I see, to change your service, is't not so ?

End. Madam, I have not chang'd ; I wait on you
To do him service.

Ara. Thou disclaim'st me then ?
Philander told me thou canst sing and play.

End.

32 THE RESTORATION; OR,

End. If grief will give me leave, Madam, I can.

Ara. Alas, what kind of grief can thy years
know?

Was't a curst master that thou hadst at school?

Thou art not capable of other grief.

Thy brows and cheeks are smooth as waters be,
When no breath troubles them; believe me, boy,
Care seeks out wrinkled brows and hollow eyes,
And builds himself caves to abide in them.

Come, Sir, pray tell me truly, does your lord
Love me?

End. I know not, madam, what love is.

Ara. Can'st thou know grief, and never yet
knew'st love;

Thou art deceiv'd, boy; does he speak of me
As if he wish'd me well?

End. If it be love

To lose the memory of all things else,
To forget all respect of his own friends,
In thinking of your face; if it be love
To sit cross-arm'd, and sigh away the day,
Mingled with starts, crying your name as loud
And hastily as men in th' streets do fire:
If it be love to weep himself away,
When he but hears of any lady dead,

Or kill'd, because it might have been your chance;
If when he goes to rest, (which will not be)
'Twix ev'ry prayer he says, to name you once,
As others drop a bead, be any sign
Of love, then, madam; I dare swear he loves you.

Ara. O y' are a cunning boy, and taught to lie
For your lord's service: but thou know'st a lie
That bears this sound is welcomer to me,
Than any truth that says he loves me not.
Lead the way, boy; do you attend me too;
'Tis thy lord's business hastes me thus away.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Cleon, Agremont, Adelard, Alga, Melesinda.

Cleon. Come, ladies, shall we talk a round? As
men

Do walk a mile, women should talk an hour;
After supper 'tis their exercise.

Mel. 'Tis late.

Alga. 'Tis all
My eyes will do to lead me to my bed. [*Exeunt.*

Enter King, Araminta, and a guard.

King. You gods, I see, that who unrighteously
Holds wealth or state from others, shall be curst

In that which meaner men are blest withal :
 Ages to come shall know no male of him
 Left to inherit, and his name shall be
 Blotted from earth; if he have any child,
 It shall be crossly match'd: the gods themselves
 Shall sow division 'twixt her lord and her.
 Yet, if it be your wills, forgive the faults
 Which I have done; let not your vengeance fall
 Upon this understanding child of mine :
 She has not broke your laws; but how can I
 Look to be heard of gods, who must be just,
 Praying upon the ground I hold by wrong ?

Enter Cleon.

Cleon. Sir, I have ask'd her women, but they, I think, are bawds: I told them I must speak with her; they laugh'd, and said their mistress lay speechless: I said my business was important; they said their lady was about it; I grew hot, and cry'd my business was a matter that concern'd life and death; they answer'd, so was that which their mistress was a doing. Answers more direct I could not get: in short, Sir, I conceive she is very well employed.

King. 'Tis then no time to dally: you o' th' guard,
 Wait

Wait at the back-door of Alga's lodgings,
And see none pass thence upon your lives,
But bring them to me whosoe'er they be :
Knock, gentlemen, knock louder, louder yet :
What has their pleasure ta'en away their hearing?

Maid. Who's there that knocks so at the dead
of night?

Cleon. Some friends that are come here to pay
you a visit.

*Enter the guard, bringing in Thrasomond, in
drawers, muffled up in a cloak.*

Guard. Sir, in obedience to your commands,
We stopt this fellow stealing out of doors.

[They pull off his cloak.]

Agr. Who's this, the Prince?

Cleon. Yes; he's *incognito*.

King. Sir, I must chide you for this looseness :
You've wrong'd a worthy lady; but no more.

Thras. Sir, I came hither but to —

Agr. I, he's a devil at his answers.

King. Conduct him to his lodgings.

Come, Sirs, break open the doors.

Maid. You shall not enter here.

D. 2

Agr.

Agr. We must, and will.

Alga. Nay, let 'em enter; I am up and ready;
I know the business they come hither for;
'Tis the poor breaking of a lady's honour
They hunt so after; let them have their wills.
My lord, the King, this is not noble in you,
To publish thus the weakness of a woman.

King. Come down.

Alga. I dare, my lord, for all your whispers;
This your base carriage shall not startle me:
But I have vengeance still in store for some,
That shall in spite of this your great design,
Be joy and nourishment to all the nation.

King. Will you come down?

Alga. I will to laugh at you.
I'll vex you to the heart, if my skill fail not.

Cleon. 'Tis strange that a lady cannot ride a stage
or two to breath herself, but she must be ruined
for it.

If this geer holds, that lodgings be search'd thus,
Pray heav'n we may lye with our own wives quietly.

Enter Alga.

King. Good madam Alga, where's your honour
now?

I

No

No man can fit your palate but the Prince :
 Thou most ill-shrouded rottenness, thou piece
 Made by a painter and apothecary.
 Had'st thou none to allure unto thy lust,
 But he that must be wedded to my daughter ?
 By all the gods, all these, and all the pages
 Shall hoot you thro' the court ; what, do you laugh ?

Alga. Faith, Sir, your Majesty must pardon me,
 I cannot chuse but laugh to see you merry.
 If you do this, O King, or dare to think on't,
 By all those gods you swore by, and as many
 More of my own, I will have fellows with me,
 Such fellows as shall make you noble mirth ;
 The Princess, your dear daughter, shall stand
 by me,

She shall be hooted at as well as I.
 Urge me no farther, Sir, I know her haunts,
 Her layes and leaps, and will discover all ;
 Nay, will dishonour her : I know the boy
 She keeps ; a handsome boy about eighteen ;
 Can tell what she does with him ; where and when.
 Come, Sir, you put me to a woman's madness,
 The glory of a fury ; and if I
 Don't do it to the height—

King. What boy is this ?

D 3

Alga.

Alga. Good-minded Prince, alas Sir, you know nothing;

I'm loth to utter more. Keep in this fault,
As you would keep your health, from the hot air
Of the corrupted people; or by heav'n
I will not fall alone: what I have known
Shall be as public as a print; nay, as
Your counsels, and by all as freely laugh'd at,

King. Has she a boy?

Agr. I think I've seen one, Sir,
That waits upon her.

King. Get you to your quarter;
For this time I will study to forget you.

Alga. Do you study to forget me, and I'll study
to forget you.

[*Exeunt King, Alga and guard.*]

Agr. Why here's a male spirit for Hercules! If
ever there be nine worthies of women this wench
shall ride astride, and be their captain.

Cleon. Sure she has a garrison of devils in her
tongue; she utter'd such balls of wild-fire, that all
the doctors in the country will scarce cure him:
that boy was a strange found-out antidote to cure
her infection. That boy, that Princess's boy,
that brave, chaste, virtuous lady's boy, and a fair
boy,

RIGHT WILL TAKE PLACE. 39

boy, a well-spoken boy: all these considered can
make nothing else

----- But there I'll leave you, gentlemen.

Adel. Nay, we'll go wander with you.

[*Exeunt.*

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

A C T III. S C E N E I.

Enter Cleon, Agremont, Adelard.

Agr. **N**A Y, doubtless, it is true.

Cleon. I and the gods

Have rais'd this punishment to scourge the King

With his own issue: is it not a shame

For us that should be freemen to behold

A man that is the bravery of his age,

Philander, prest down from his royal right

By this regardless King? and only look

And see the scepter ready to be cast

Into the hands of that lascivious lady,

That lives in lust with a smooth boy, now to be

Marry'd to yon strange prince, who, but that people

Please

40 THE RESTORATION; OR,

Please to let him be a Prince, is born a slave
In that which should be his most noble part,
His mind.

Adel. That man that will not stir with you
To aid Philander, let the gods forget
That such a creature walks upon the earth.

Agr. Philander is too backward in't himself;
The gentry all wait for him, and the people,
Against their nature long to be in arms;
And like a field of standing corn that moves
With a stiff gale, their heads bow all one way.

Cleon. The only cause that draws Philander back
From this attempt is the fair Princess whom
I fear he loves.

Adel. He'll not believe it then.

Cleon. Why, gentlemen, 'tis without question so.

Agr. 'Tis most true, she lives dishonestly:
But how shall we, if he be doubtful, work
Upon his faith.

Adel. Every one knows 'tis true.

Cleon. Since 'tis so, and tends to his own good,
I'll make this new report to be my knowledge.
I'll say I knew it; nay, I'll swear I saw it.

Agr. It will be best.

Adel. Yes sure, it must needs move him.

Cleon.

RIGHT WILL TAKE PLACE. 41

Cleon. Nothing but this will force him into action.

Enter Philander.

See, here he comes. Good-morrow to your grace;
We have been waiting for you.

Phil. Worthy friends,
You that can keep your memories to know
Your friends in miseries, and cannot frown
On men disgraced for virtue; a good day
Attend you all: what service may I do
Worthy your expectation?

Cleon. My good lord,
We come to urge that virtue (which we know
Lives in your breast) forth; rise, and make head;
The nobles and the people are all dull'd
With this usurping King; and not a man
That ever heard or knew of such a thing
As virtue, but will second your attempts.

Phil. How honourable is this love in you
To me that have deserved none? Know, my friends,
(You that were born to shame your poor Philander
With too much kindness) know I could afford
To melt myself in thanks; but my designs
Are not yet ripe: let it suffice, e're long
I shall employ you; but the time's not come.

Cleon. The time is fitter some than you expect;
That

That which hereafter hardly will be reach'd
By violence, may now be caught with ease.
As for the King, you know the people long
Did hate him; but the Princess now——

Phil. Why, what
Of her, I pray?

Cleon. Is loath'd as much as he.

Phil. By what strange means?

Cleon. She's known a whore.

Phil. Thou ly'st. [*Offers to draw; is held.*
And thou shalt feel thou dost; I thought thy mind
Was full of honour; thus to rob a lady
Of her good name is an infectious sin
Not to be pardon'd; be it false as hell,
'Twill never be redeem'd if it be sown
Among the people, fruitful to increase
All evil they shall hear. Let me alone,
That I may cut off falsehood while it springs;
Set hills on hills betwixt me and the man
That utters this, and I will scale them all,
And from the utmost top fall on his neck
Like thunder from a cloud.

Cleon. This is most strange.
Sir, though you love her----

Phil. No, Sir, I love truth;

She

She is my mistress ; and who injures her
Draws vengeance from me : Sirs, let go my arms.

Adel. Nay, good my lord, be patient,

Agr. Sir, remember

This is your honour'd friend, the good lord Cleon,
That comes to do you service, and will shew
You why he utter'd this.

Phil. I ask your pardon ;
My zeal to truth made me unmannerly :
Should I have heard dishonour spoke of you
Behind your back, untruly, I had been
As much distemper'd and enrag'd as now.

Cleon. But this is true.

Phil. O, good Sir, say not so.
Is it then true all woman-kind is false,
Urge it no more ; it is impossible :
Why should you think the Princess could belight ?

Cleon. Because, Sir, she was taken in the fact.

Phil. 'Tis false ; O heav'n ! 'tis false : it cannot be ;
Can it ? speak, gentlemen, for the love of truth ;
Is't possible all women should be damn'd ?

Cleon. Why no, my lord.

Phil. Why, then it cannot be.

Cleon. And she was taken with her boy.

Phil. What boy ?

Cleon.

44 THE RESTORATION; OR,

Cleon. A page; a boy that serves her.

Phil. Oh, good gods !

A little boy.

Cleon. Ay ; know you him, my lord ?

Phil. Sin and hell; know him ! Sir, you are
deceiv'd :

I'll reason it a little coldly with you :

If she were lustful, would she take a boy

That knows not yet desire ? She would have one

Should meet her thoughts, and know the sin he acts,

Which is the great delight of wickedness :

You are abus'd, and so is she and I.

Cleon. How you, my lord ?

Phil. Why, all the world's abus'd

Is an unjust report.

Cleon. Your virtues, Sir,

Cannot look thro' the subtle thoughts of woman ;

In short, my lord, I took 'em ; I, myself.

Phil. Now all the devils, thou did'st ! Fly from
my rage ;

Would thou had'st taken fiends ingend'ring plagues,

When thou didst take 'em ; hide thee from my eyes ;

Would thou had'st taken thunder on thy breast

When thou did'st take them, or been stricken dumb

That so this deed for ever might have slept

In silence.

Adel.

Adel. Have you known him so ill temper'd ?

Agr. Never before.

Phil. The winds that are set loose
From the four several corners of the world,
And spread themselves all over sea and land,
Kiss not a chaste one. What friend bears a sword
To run me through.

C'leon. Why are you mov'd at this ?

Phil. When any falls from virtue I am mad ;
I am distracted ; I've an interest in't.

Cleon. But, good my lord, recal yourself, and
think

What's to be done ?

Phil. I thank you : I will do't.

Please you to leave me, I'll consider on't :

To-morrow I'll give you all my answer.

Cleon. The gods direct you.

[*Ex. Cleon, Adel. Agr.*

Phil. I had forgot to ask him where he took 'em ;
I'll follow him. O that I had a sea
Within my breast, to quench the fire I feel :
More circumstances will but fan this fire ;
It more afflicts me now to know by whom
This deed is done, than simply that 'tis done :
And he that tells me this is honourable,

As

46 THE RESTORATION; OR,

As far from lies, as she is far from truth.
 O that, like beasts we could not grieve ourselves
 With that we see not ! bulls and rams will fight
 To keep their females standing in their sight ;
 But take them from 'em, and you take at once
 Their spleens away, and they will fall again
 Unto their pastures, growing fresh and fat,
 And taste the waters of the springs as sweet
 As 'twas before, finding no start in sleep ;
 But miserable man.-----See, see, ye gods !

Enter Endymion.

He walks still, and the face you let him wear
 When he was innocent, is still the same !
 Not blasted ! is this justice ! do you mean
 T' intrap mortality, that you allow
 Treason so smooth a brow ? I cannot now
 Think he is guilty.

End. Health to you, my Lord :
 The Princess doth commend her love, her life,
 And this unto you.

Phil. Oh, Endymion,
 Now I perceive she loves me ; she doth shew it
 In loving thee, my boy ; she has made thee brave.

End. My lord, she has attir'd me past my wish,
 And

And past my merit, fit for her attendant,
Tho' far unfit for me who do attend.

Phil. Thou art grown courtly, boy; O let all
women,

That love black deeds, learn to dissemble here :
Here, by this paper, she does write to me,
As if her heart were mines of adamant
To all the world besides, but unto me
A maiden snow, that melted with my looks.
Tell me, my boy, how doth the Princess use thee;
For I shall guess her love to me by that.

End. Scarce like her servant, but as if I were
Something ally'd to her, or had preserv'd
Her fame or life, with hazard of my own;
As mothers fond do use their only sons;
As I'd use one that's left unto my trust,
For whom my life should pay if he met harm.

Phil. Why, this is wondrous well, Endymion; but
What language pr'ythee, doth she feed thee with?

End. Why, she doth tell me, she will trust my
youth

With all her loving secrets, and does call me
Her pretty servant; bids me weep no more
For leaving you, she'll see my services
Rewarded; and such words, of that soft strain,
That

That I am nearer weeping when she ends,
Than e'er she does begin.

Phil. So, so ! This is
Much better still.

End. Are not you well, my lord.

Phil. Well ! yes, Endymion.

End. Methinks your words
Fall not from off your tongue so evenly,
Nor is there in your looks that quietness
That I was wont to see.

Phil. Thou art deceiv'd,
My boy. And she does stroke thy head ?

End. Why, yes.

Phil. And she does kiss thee ? Ha ?

End. How's that, my lord ?

Phil. She kisses thee, my boy.

End. Not so, my lord.

Phil. Come, come, I know she doth.

End. No, by my life.

Phil. Why, then she does not love me ; come
she does,

I bad her do it ; I charg'd her by all charms
Of love between us, by the hope of peace
We should enjoy, to yield thee all delights,
Naked, as to her bed : I took her oath

Thou

Thou should'st enjoy her : tell me, boy, is she
Not far above compare ? Is not her breath
Sweet as Arabian winds, when fruits are ripe ?
Are not her breasts two liquid ivory balls ?
Is not she all a lasting mine of joy ?

End. Ay, now I see why my disturbed thoughts
Were so perplex'd ; when first I went to her
My heart held augury : you are abus'd,
Some villain has abus'd you : I do see
Whereto you tend : fall rocks upon his head
That put this in you ; 'tis some subtle train
To bring that noble frame of yours to nought.

Phil. Thou think'st I will be angry with thee ;
come,

Thou shalt know all my drift ; I hate her more
Than I love happiness, and plac'd thee there
To pry with narrow eyes into her deeds.
Hast thou discover'd ? Has she fallen to lust,
As I would wish her ? Speak some comfort to me.

End. My lord, you did mistake the boy you sent :
Had she the lust of sparrows or of goats ;
Had she a sin that lay hid from the world,
Beyond the name of lust, I would not aid
Her base desires ; but what I came to know,

As servant to her, I would not reveal,
To make my life last ages.

Phil. Oh my heart !

This is a salve worse than the main disease.
Tell me thy thoughts, for I will know the least
That dwells within thee, or will rip thy heart
To know it: I will see thy thoughts as plain
As I now do thy face.

End. Why, so you do.

She is, (for ought I know) by all the gods,
As chaste as ice ; but, were she foul as hell,
And I did know it thus ; the breath of kings,
The points of swords, tortures, nor bulls of brass,
Should draw it from me.

Phil. Then it is not time

To dally with thee ; I will take thy life,
For I do hate thee ; I could curse thee now.

End. If you do hate me, you can't curse me
worse ;

The gods have not a punishment in store
Greater for me, my lord, than is your hate.

Phil. Fie, fie, so young, and so dissembling too !
Tell me both when and where thou didst enjoy her,
Or plagues fall on thee if I kill thee not.

End. Heav'n knows I never did: and when I lie

To save my life, may I live long and loath'd.
 Hew me asunder, and I'll love the limbs
 Which you cut off, better than these that grow :
 And kiss them dead, because you made 'em so.

Phil. Fear'st thou not death? Can boys con-
 temn that?

End. Oh
 What boy is he, can be content to live
 To be a man that sees the very best
 Of men thus passionate, thus without reason?

Phil. Oh, but thou dost not know what 'tis to die.

End. Yes, but I do, my lord, I know it well :
 'Tis less than to be born ; a lasting sleep,
 A quiet resting from all jealousy,
 A thing we all pursue : I know besides,
 'Tis but the giving up a game which must be lost.

Phil. But there are pains, false boy, for perjur'd
 souls ;

Think but on them, and then thy heart will melt.

End. May they fall all upon me whilst I live,
 If I be perjur'd, or have ever thought
 Of that you charge me with ; if I be false,
 Send me to suffer in those punishments
 You speak of ; kill me.

Phil. Oh, what should I do ?

Why, who can but believe him ? He does
 Swear so earnestly, if it were not true,
 The gods would not endure him. Rise, Endymion,
 Thy protestations are so deep, and thou
 Dost look so truly when thou utter'st them,
 That, tho' I know 'em false as were my hopes,
 I cannot urge the farther: but thou wert
 To blame to injure me ; for I must love
 Thy honest looks, and never take revenge
 Upon thy tender youth: a love from me to thee
 Is firm, whate'er thou dost. It troubles me
 That I have call'd the blood out of thy cheeks,
 That did so well become them ; but, good boy,
 Let me not see thee more ; something is done
 That will distract me ; that will raise a storm
 Within my breast too great for me to quell,
 If thou com'st near me.

End. I will fly as far
 As there is morning, e'er I give distaste
 To that most honour'd mind. But thro' these tears,
 Shed at my hopeless parting, I can see
 A world of treason practis'd upon you,
 And her and me. Farewel for evermore ;
 If you shall here that sorrow struck me dead,
 And after find me loyal, let there be

A tear,

A tear, at least, shed by you for me ; and
I then shall rest in peace. [Exit.

Phil. Blessings be with thee,
Whatever thou deserv'st. O where shall I
Go bath this body ? Nature too unkind,
That made no med'cine for a troubled mind. [Exit.

Enter Araminta.

Ara. I marvel my boy comes not back again ;
But that I know my love will question him
Over and over, how I slept, wak'd, talk'd ;
How often his dear name was mention'd by me ;
How I sigh'd, wept, and fung, and thousand more
Such things ? I should be angry at his stay.

Enter King.

King. What, at your meditations ? Who is with
you ?

Ara. None but my single self ; I need no guard ;
I do no wrong, nor fear none.

King. Have you not a boy ?

Ara. Yes, Sir.

King. What kind of boy ?

Ara. A waiting boy.

King. A handsome boy ?

Ara. A very handsome boy.

King. He talks and sings, and plays?

Ara. I think he does.

King. About eighteen?

Ara. I never ask'd his age.

King. Pray, is he full of service?

Ara. Why do you ask!

King. Put him away.

Ara. How, Sir!

King. Put him away.

'Has done you that good service, I'm asham'd
To speak of.

Ara. Good Sir, let me understand you.

King. If you fear me, shew it in duty; put
Away that boy.

Ara. Let me have reason for it,
And then your will to me shall be a law.

King. Do you not blush to ask it? Cast him off,
Or I shall do the same to you: Y' are one
Shame with me, and so near unto myself,
That, by my life, I dare scarce tell myself
What you have done.

Ara. What have I done, my lord?

King. It is a language that all love to learn;
The common people speak it well already:

They

They need no grammar ; understand me well,
There be foul whispers stirring ; cast him off,
And suddenly, I charge you do't. Farewel. [*Exit.*

Ara. Where may a maiden live securely free,
Keeping her honour safe ? Not with the living ;
They feed upon the opinions, errors, dreams,
And make 'em truths : they draw a nourishment
Out of defaming, grow upon disgraces,
And when they see a virtue fortify'd
Strongly, above the batt'ry of their tongues,
Oh, how they cast about to ruin it !

Enter Philander.

Phil. Peace be to your fair thoughts, my dearest
mistress.

Ara. O dear Philander, I've a war within me.

Phil. He must be more than man that makes
these chrystals

Run into rivers : sweetest fair ; the cause ?

And, as I am your slave, ty'd to your goodness,
Your creature made again from what I was,
And newly spirited : I'll right your honour.

Ara. Oh, my best love, that pretty boy-----

Phil. What boy ?

Ara. The pretty boy you gave me.

Phil. What of him ?

Ara. Must be no more mine.

Phil. Why?

Ara. They're jealous of him.

Phil. Who's jealous?

Ara. The King is.

Phil. Oh my fortune!

Then 'tis no idle story. Let him go.

Ara. O cruel! what! are you hard-hearted too?
Who now shall bring you word how much I love
you?

Who now shall weep to you the tears I send?
Who now shall give you letters, rings and bracelets?
Waste tedious nights in stories of your praise?
And throw away his health in serving you?
Who shall take up his lute, and, fingering to it,
Charm me asleep, making me dream, and cry,
Oh my dear, dear Philander?

Phil. Oh my heart!

Would he had broken thee that made thee know
This Lady was not true. Madam, forget
This boy; I'll get you one a great deal better.

Ara. Oh never, never such a boy again
As my Endymion is.

Phil. 'Tis but your fancy.

Ara. With thee, my boy, farewell for evermore

All secrecy in servants; farewell faith,
And all desire to do well, for itself;
Let all that shall succeed thee, for thy wrongs,
Betray chaste love.

Phil. And all this passion for
A boy?

Ara. He was your boy; you put him to me:
The loss of such a one requires a mourning.

Phil. Oh, thou forgetful woman!

Ara. How, my lord?

Phil. False Araminta; thou hast quite undone
me.

Hast thou a med'cine to restore my wits
Again, when I have lost 'em? Oh ye gods!
Give me a worthy patience: have I stood
Alone the shock of all the worst misfortunes?
Have I seen mischiefs numberless and mighty
Grow like a sea upon me? Have I taken
Dangers as stern as death into my bosom,
And laugh'd upon 'em, made them but a mirth,
And flung 'em off? Do I live under this
Usurping King, like one, who languishing
Hears his sad bell, and sees his mourners by?
Do I bear all this bravely, and must sink
At length under a woman's falshood? O

That

58 THE RESTORATION; OR,

That boy, that curs'd boy! None but a boy
To ease your lust?

Ara. Why, did he tell you so?

Phil. It may be, he did.

Ara. Alas, then I'm undone.

I see the plot cast for my overthrow.

Phil. Now you may take that little right I have
To this poor kingdom; give it to your joy,
For I have no joy in it. Some far place
Where never womankind durst set her foot,
I'll seek to curse you in.

Ara. Oh, I am wretched!

Phil. There dig a cave, and preach to birds
and beasts,

What woman is, and help to save 'em from you:
How heav'n is in your eyes; but in your hearts
More hell than hell has: how your tongues like
scorpions,

Both heal and poison; how your thoughts are
woven

With thousand changes in one subtle web,
And woven so by you: how that foolish man
That reads the story of a woman's face,
And dies believing it, is lost for ever.

How all the good you have is but a shadow;

I th'

RIGHT WILL TAKE PLACE. 59

I' th' morning with you, and at night behind you,
 Past and forgotten. How your vows are frosts,
 Fast for a night, and with the next sun gone.
 How you are, being taken all together,
 A meer confusion, and so dead a chaos,
 Truth's love can distinguish nothing in you. These
 Sad texts till my last hour I am bound to utter.
 So farewell all my woe, all my delight. [*Exit.*]

Ara. Be merciful, ye gods, and strike me dead ;
 What way have I deserved this ? Make my breast
 Transparent as pure crystal, that the world,
 Jealous of me, may see the foulest thought
 My heart does hold. Where shall a woman turn
 Her eyes to find out constancy ? Save me !

Enter Endymion.

How black, methinks, that guilty boy looks now !
 O thou dissembler ! that before thou spak'st
 Wert'st in thy cradle false ! sent to make lies
 And betray innocents ! thy lord and thou
 May glory in the ashes of a maid
 Fool'd by her passion, but the conquest is
 Nothing so great as wicked. Fly away,
 Let my command force thee to that, which shame
 Should do without it. If thou understood'st

The

60 THE RESTORATION; OR,

The loath'd office thou hast undergone,
Why, thou would'st hide thee under heaps of hills,
Lest men should dig, and find thee.

End. Oh, what god,
Angry with men, hath sent this strange disease
Into the noblest minds? Madam, this grief
You add unto me, is no more than drops
To seas, for which they are not seen to swell:
My lord has struck his anger through my heart,
And let out all the hopes of future joys.
You need not bid me fly; I came to part,
To take my latest leave: farewell for ever,
I durst not run away, in honesty,
From such a lady, like a boy that stole,
Or made some grievous fault; the pow'r of gods
Assist you in your sufferings; hasty time
Reveal the truth to your abus'd lord,
And mine: that he may know your worth, whilst I
Go seek out some forgotten place to die. [*Exit.*]

Ara. Peace guide thee, thou hast overthrown me
once,

Yet if I had another Troy to lose,
Thou or another villain, with thy looks,
Might talk me out of it, and send me with
My hair dishevel'd, through the fiery streets.

Enter

RIGHT WILL TAKE PLACE 61

Enter a Lady.

Lady. Madam, the King has sent for you in
haste,

To go abroad with him.

Ara. Whither, d'ye know?

Lady. A hunting, madam.

Ara. I'm in tune to hunt.

Diana, if thou can'st rage with a maid,
As with a man, let me discover thee
Bathing, and turn me to a fearful hind,
That I may die, pursued by cruel hounds,
And have my story written in my wounds.

[Exeunt.]

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Philander.

Phil. OH that I had been nourished in these
woods

With milk of goats and acorns, and not known
The right of crowns, nor the dissembling trains

Of

62 THE RESTORATION; OR,

Of womens looks ; but dig'd myself a cave,
 Where I may fire, my cattle and my shed
 Might have been shut together in one bed ;
 And then have taken me some mountain girl,
 Beaten with winds, chaste as the harden'd rocks
 Whereon she dwells ; that might have strew'd my
 bed
 With leaves and reeds, and with the skins of
 beasts,
 And born at her big breasts my large course issue.
 This had been a life free from vexation.

Enter Endymion.

End. Oh wicked men ! an innocent may walk
 Safe among beasts ; nothing assaults me here.
 See ! there my troubled lord fits, as his soul
 Were searching out a way to leave his body.
 It grieves me that I'm forc'd to disobey
 His last commands ; but 'tis not in my pow'r
 To forbear speaking, when I look on him.
 I'll make as if I wanted, tho' heav'n knows
 I can't, because I do not wish to live.
 You that are griev'd can pity ; hear my lord.
Phil. Is there a creature yet so miserable
 That I can pity ?

End.

RIGHT WILL TAKE PLACE. 63

End. Oh, my noble lord,
View my stronge fortune, and bestow on me
Out of good nature (if my services
Can merit nothing) so much as may help
To keep this little piece I hold of life
From cold and hunger.

Phil. Is it thou? Go sell,
For shame, those misbecoming cloaths thou wear'st,
And feed thyself with them.

End. Alas, my lord,
I can get nothing for them; people here
Think it were treason for them but to touch
Such gay, fine things.

Phil. Now, by my life, this is
Unkindly done to vex me with thy fight;
Thou'rt fallen back to thy dissembling trade.
How should'st thou think to cozen me again?
Remains there yet a plague untry'd for me?
Ev'n so thou wept'st when first I took thee up;
Wretch that I was to do so; if thy tears
Can work on any other, use thy art,
I'll not betray it. Which way wilt thou take,
That I may shun thee? for thy eyesto mine
Are poison; and I'm loth to grow in rage:
Say, which way wilt thou take?

End.

64 THE RESTORATION; OR,

End. Which way you please :
Since I can't go with you. I have no choice ;
But I'm resolv'd where'er I go to have
That path in chase which leads unto my grave.
[Exeunt severally.]

Enter Cleon, and the Woodmen.

Cleon. This is the strangest sudden change ! You
Woodmen.

1 *Wood.* My lord Cleon.

Cleon. Saw you a lady come this way on a fable
horse, and stubb'd with stars of white ?

2 *Wood.* Was she not young and tall ?

Cleon. Yes. Rode she to the wood or to the plain ?

3 *Wood.* Faith, my lord, we saw none.

[Ex. Woodmen.]

Enter Agremont.

Cleon. Pox o' your questions then. What is she
found ?

Agr. Nor will be, I think.

Cleon. Let him seek his daughter himself ? she
cannot stir about a little necessary business, but
the whole court must be in arms ; when she has
done, we shall have peace.

Agr.

RIGHT WILL TAKE PLACE. 65

Agr. There's already a thousand fatherless tales amongst us; some say her horse run away from her; some a wolf pursu'd her! others it was a plot to kill her; and that arm'd men were seen in the wood; but questionless she rode away willingly.

Enter King and Adelard.

King. Where is she?

Agr. Sir, I cannot tell.

King. How's that?

If thou dost answer so----

Agr. Sir, shall I lie?

King. Yes, and be damn'd, rather than tell me that;

I say again, where is she? Mutter not;

Sir, speak you where she is.

Cleon. I do not know.

King. Speak that again so boldly, and by heav'n It is thy last; you, fellows, answer me;

Where is she? mark me all, I am your King;

I wish to see my daughter, shew me her,

I do command you all, as you are subjects,

To shew her me; what am I not your King?

And are you not t' obey what I command.

Cleon. Yes; if the thing be possible and honest.

VOL. II.

F

King.

King. Be possible and honest? Hear me, thou,
Thou traitor, that confin'st thy King to what
Is possible and honest; shew her me.

Cleon. Indeed I can't, till I know where she is.

King. You have betray'd me; you have lost my
life,

The jewel of my life; go, bring her me,
And set her here before me; 'tis the King
Will have it so; whose breath can still the winds,
Uncloud the sun, charm down the swelling seas,
And stop the flood's of heav'n: can't it! Speak.

Cleon. No.

King. No? Cannot the breath of Kings do this?

Cleon. No; nor smell sweet itself, if once the
lungs

Be but corrupted.

King. Is it so? Take heed.

Cleon. Sir, take you heed you do not dare the
pow'rs

That must be just.

King. Alas, what are we Kings?

Why do you, gods, place us above the rest
To be serv'd, flatter'd, and ador'd, till we
Believe we hold within our hands your thunder;
And when we come to try the pow'r we have,

RIGHT WILL TAKE PLACE. 67

There's not a single leaf shakes at our threatning?
I've sinn'd, 'tis true, and here stand to be punish'd;
Yet would not thus be punish'd: let me chuse
My way, and lay it on.

Cleon. He articles with heav'n; would somebody
would draw the bonds for the performance of co-
venants betwixt them.

Enter Thrasomond, Melesinda, and Alga.

King. What, is she found?

Thras. No; we have ta'en her horse,
He gallop'd empty by.

King. You, Melesinda, rode with her into
The wood: why left you her?

Mel. She bid me do't.

King. What if she did? You should not have
obey'd.

Mel. 'Twould ill become my fortunes and my
birth

To disobey the daughter of my King.

King. Y'are willing to obey us for our hurt;
But I will have her.

Thras. If I have her not,
There shall be no more Sicily by heav'n.

Cleon. Why, what will he carry it away in's pocket?

King. I see the injuries I've done must be Reveng'd.

Cleon. But this will never find her out.

King. Run all; disperse yourselves; whoe'er he be,

That can but bring her to me, shall be happy.

Thras. Come, let us seek.

Cleon. Each man a several way. [Exeunt.

Enter a Country Fellow.

Clown. I'll see the king if he be in the forest; I have hunted him these two hours; if I should go home, and not see him, my sister would laugh at me. I can meet with nothing but people better hors'd than myself, that out-ride me; nor can I hear any thing but shouting: these Kings had need of good brains? this whooping is able to put a mean man out of his wit. Well, I'll about it again. [Exit.

Enter Araminta.

Ara. Where am I now? Feet, find me out away, Without the counsel of my troubled head;

PH

RIGHT WILL TAKE PLACE. 69

I'll trust you boldly amidst all these woods ;
O'er mountains, through brambles, pits, and
floods.

Heav'n I hope will ease me : I am sick.

Enter Endymion.

End. Yonder's my honour'd lady, fast asleep :
I fear she faints ; the lovely red is gone
To guard her heart : she breaths not. Madam,
Open once more those rosy twins, and send
To my dear lord your last farewell. She stirs.
How is it, madam, pray ?

Ara. 'Tis not well done
To put me in a miserable life,
And hold me there : I pray thee let me go ;
I shall do best without thee : I am well.

Enter Philander.

Phil. I was to blame to be so much in rage ;
I'll tell her truly when and where I heard
This killing truth ; I will be temperate
In speaking, and as just in hearing too.
Oh monstrous ! Tempt me not, ye gods ; good gods,
Tempt not a frail man : what's he that has a heart,
But he must ease it here ?

70 THE RESTORATION; OR,

End. Are you not better yet ?

Ara. I'm well, forbear.

Phil. Let me love lightning, let me be embrac'd
And kifs'd by vipers rather than bear this.
Despair dwell with you; what before my face ?
Nature invent a curse, and throw it on you :
May poison grow between your lips, diseases
Be your brood : I'll part you once at least.

[*Runs at Endymion, and hurts Araminta.*]

Ara. Oh, dear Philander, leave to be inrag'd,
And hear me.

Phil. I have done ; not the calm sea,
When Æolus locks up his windy crew,
Is less disturb'd than I: thus you shall know it;
Dear Araminta, do but take this sword,
And feel how temperate a heart I have ;
Then you, and this your boy, may live and reign
In lust, without controul. Wilt thou, Endymion ?
I pri'thee kill me : thou art poor, and may'st
Nourish ambitious thoughts ; were I but dead
There would be nothing then to hinder thee.
Am I mad now ? Pray speak : I'm sure I were,
If after all the wrongs I have receiv'd,
I should desire to live : you will not kill
Me then ?

End.

End. Not for a world.

Phil. I blame not thee,
Thou hast done but that
Which gods would have
Transform'd themselves to do. Be gone ;
Leave me without reply. This is the last [*Exit End.*
Of all our meetings : come then, kill me with
This sword ; be wise, lest worse might follow ; one
Of us must die.

Ara. Indeed I think I must ;
My wound begins to make me faint already.

Phil. How ? What wound ? Where ?

Ara. O, touch me gently, there :
I hope 'twill give me ease in t' other world,
For I could never yet find any here.

Phil. My cruel stars, what have you brought
upon me !
Now I defy you all to do your worst.

Ara. But tell me, pray, are there no jealousies,
No slanders, where I'm going ? No ill there ?

Phil. O, say no more, but help to stop thy wound ;
It was not meant to thee, but to the boy ;
That vile ungrateful boy.

Ara. Would you not then have kill'd me ? Pray
say no,
Whate'er you meant.

Phil.

72 THE RESTORATION; OR,

Phil. Can I hear this, and live ?

Why would you make me mad ? Force me to do
I know not what, and hurt you ? Why would you
Disgrace me thus ? Why did you love the boy ?
(Curse on th' unhappy hour when I was born !)
How could you find i' your heart to use me so ?

Ara. Alas, my foul doats only upon you,
And can love nothing else, whate'er you do.

Enter Clown.

Clown. Hey day ! What have we here ?

Phil. Ha ! ha ! What art thou ?

Clown. A courtier with his naked sword upon a
woman ! I think the rogue has hurt her too ; I'm
sure she bleeds. By'r leave, fair lady, who has
hurt you so ?

Phil. Good honest friend, pursue thy own affairs.

Clown. Friend me no friends ; I'll know who
hurt the woman.

Phil. Nay leave us firrah, or thou shalt repent it.

Clown. Say'ft thou so, boy, I will try that i' faith.

Phil. Slave, dost thou dare me thus ?

[*They fight.*]

Ara. Heav'ns guard my lord.

[*Clown*

[*Clown falls.*]

Phil. The gods take part against me sure, this
boor

[*Noise within.*]

Could ne'e have hurt me else. Here's people
coming.

What shall I do? Alas what shall I think?
I heard her pray for me when I was fighting.
Perhaps she may be injur'd. O my fate!
I either am dishonour'd, or a wretch
To be despis'd; the very worst of men.

[*Noise again*]

Ara. Fly, fly, my lord, or your dear life is lost.

Phil. D' ye think I'll leave you thus to save my
life?

Ara. Do it then pray, Philander, to save mine;
For if you stay indeed I'll bleed to death;
It is not hard to do: and yet methinks
My wound is nothing now y' are sorry for't.
As soon as you are safe I shall be well.

Phil. But I must never hope to be so more.
Kill me, and pardon me; 'tis all I beg.
Farewel then; if thou'rt true, I'll kill myself;
And tho' thou should'st deserve the worst of
thoughts,

However,

14 THE RESTORATION; OR,

However, I forgive thee all thy faults. [Exit.

Enter Thraſomond, Cleon, Agremont, Adelard,
and Woodmen.

Thraſ. What art thou ?

Grown. Almost kill'd I am for a foolish woman ;
a knave has hurt her.

Thraſ. The Princeſs, gentlemen ! Where's the
wound, madam ?

Is it dangerous ?

Ara. He has not hurt me.

Clown. I ſay ſhe lyes ; he has hurt her in the ſide ;
Look elſe.

Thraſ. O ſacred ſpring of innocent blood !

Cleon. 'Tis above wonder who ſhould do this,

Ara. I feel it not.

Thraſ. Speak, villain ; who has hurt the Princeſs ?

Clown. Is it the Princeſs ?

Cleon. I.

Clown. Then I have ſeen ſomething yet.

Thraſ. But who has hurt her ?

Clown. I told you a rogue : I ne'er ſaw him before.

Thraſ. Madam, who did it ?

Ara. Some diſhoneſt wretch : alas I know him
not, and do forgive him.

Clown.

RIGHT WILL TAKE PLACE. 75

Clown. He's hurt too, he cannot go far : I made my father's old fox fly about his ears.

Thraf. How will you have me kill him ?

Ara. Not at all ; 'tis some distracted fellow.

Thraf. By this hand I'll leave ne'er a piece of him bigger than a nut, and bring him all in my hat.

Ara. Nay, good Sir, if you do take him, bring him to me

Alive ; and I'll invent some punishment
For him, great as his fault,

Thraf. I will,

Ara. But swear,

Thraf. Why then i'fecks I will. Wait you upon
The Princess : Woodmen, lead off this poor man,
Come, gentlemen, let us pursue our chase.

[*Exeunt* *Thraf.* *Cleon,* *Agr.* *Adel,*

[*1 Wood and Araminta.*

Clown. I pray you, friend, let me see the King.

2 Wood. That you shall, and receive thanks.

Clown. If I get clear with this, I'll go no more
to gay fights in haste. [*Exeunt,*

Enter *Endymion,*

End. A heaviness near death fits on my brow,
And I must sleep ; bear me, thou gentle bank

For

76 THE RESTORATION; OR,

For ever if thou wilt ; you sweet ones all,
 Let me unworthy press you ; I could wish,
 I rather were a coarse strew'd o'er with you
 Than quick above you ; dulness shuts my eyes,
 And I am giddy : O, that I could take
 So sound a sleep as I might never wake.

Enter Philander.

Phil. Whether shall I go now, or rather why
 Should I go any farther ? True, I'll end
 My journey here. What should I travel for
 With such an odious, tiresome load upon me,
 As now, alas, my life is grown ? And which
 I must not hope to save whate'er falls out :
 For if she's false, I'm sure I cannot live ;
 And if she should prove true, I'd scorn to do't,
 After the injuries I've basely done her.
 Oh why should we thus madly be inclin'd
 To think the worse of those we love the most ?
 Ye gods, is it to great a tyranny to plague
 Mankind at once with love and jealousy.
 Who's this ? Endymion sleeping ! 'Tis unjust
 Thy sleep should be so sound, and mine whom thou
 Hast wrong'd, so broken. I hope he will not wake :
 I'm very loath to kill him, but I feel

Some-

Something within me that would force me to't ;
 If I should but once more behold his eyes,
 They are the cause of all my miseries,
 Yet she did vow to me she loves him not ;
 But who is he dares trust to woman's tongues ?
 They are so us'd to talk before they think,
 They know not how to mean one word they say.
 I'm sure I saw him take her in his arms ;
 And he deserves to lose his life for that.

[Endymion wakes.

End. I cannot sleep, my heart's too full of
 grief ;

No sooner are my eye-lids clos'd, but straight
 Methinks I see Philander in a rage,
 Ready to strike me dead. Sure there he stands :
 It must be he, for none was ever like him :
 I cannot bear his hatred any longer ;
 I'll speak, tho' he should kill me for't. Can you,
 My lord, be angry with me still ?

Phil. Forbear ;

If thou com'st near thou wilt compel me to
 An act I would avoid.

End. Pray, hear me first.

Phil. Begone.

End. I can't.

Phil.

78 THE RESTORATION; OR,

Phil. then take what thou deserv'st.

[*Wounds him.*]

End. Blest be that hand again ; for pity's sake.

Phil. My legs now fail me quite with loss of blood ;

Take your revenge ; I'll teach you cruelty :
It was this luckless hand that hurt the Princess.
Tell my pursuers, you received your wound
In staying me, and I will second it. [*Noise without.*]

End. Oh fly, and save yourself, my lord.

Phil. How's this ?

Would'st thou I should be safe ?

End. Else it were vain

For me to live ; the wound you gave me has
Not yet bled much ; reach me that noble hand,
I'll help to cover you.

Phil. Art thou then true ?

End. Or let me perish loath'd ; come, my good
lord,

Creep in among these bushes ; who does know
But that the gods may save your precious life ?

Phil. Then shall I die for grief, if not for this,
That I have wounded thee ; what wilt thou do ?

End. Shift well enough for one, I warrant you.

Within. Follow, follow ; that way they went.

End.

RIGHT WILL TAKE PLACE. 79

End. With my own wound I'll bloody my own sword,

I need not counterfeit to fall, heav'n knows,
That I can stand no longer.

Enter Thrasamond, Cleon, Agremont, and Adelard.

Thraf. I'm sure,
To this place we have tracked him by his blood.

Ara. Yonder creeps one away.

Cleon. Stay, what are you?

End. A wretched creature, wounded in these woods

By beasts; relieve me, if your names be men,
Or I shall perish.

Cleon. This is he, my lord,
Upon my soul, that hurt her; 'tis the boy
That serv'd her.

Thraf. O thou damn'd in thy creation,
What cause had'st thou to hurt the Princess?
Speak.

End. Then I'm betray'd.

Cleon. No, apprehended, Sir.

End. Well, I confess the fact, urge it no more.
I set upon the Princess, and design'd
Her death: for charity, let fall at once

The

The punishment you mean, and do not load
This weary flesh with tortures.

Thraf. I will know
Who hir'd thee to this.

End. My own revenge.

Thraf. Revenge! for what?

End. It pleas'd her to receive

Me for her page, and when my fortunes ebb'd,
(As rivers, being unsupply'd, grow dry)
And men stride o'er them carelessly; she pour'd
Her welcome graces on my wants, and swell'd
My streams so high, that they o'erflow'd their
banks.

Threatning destruction to who'er durst cross 'em.
But then as swift as storms rise at sea,
She casts her firey eyes like lightning on me,
And in an instant blasted all my hopes;
And left me worse, and more contemned by far
Than other little brooks, because I had
Been great: in short, I knew I could not live,
And therefore did desire to die reveng'd.

Thraf. I'll torture ye i' fecks.

Agr. Come lead him hence.

[*Philander creeps out.*]

Phil. Turn back, you ravershers of innocence:

RIGHT WILL TAKE PLACE 81

Know you the price of that you bear away
So rudely.

Adel. Who is this?

Cleon. The lord Philander.

Phil. 'Tis not the treasure of all Kings in one,
The wealth of Tagus, nor the rocks of pearl
That pave the court of Neptune, can weigh down
This virtue: it was I that hurt the Princess.
Place me some god upon a pyramid,
Higher than hills of earth, and lend a voice
Loud as your thunder to me; that from thence
I may declare to all the under world
The worth that dwells in him.

Thras. Who's this?

End. My lord, some man that's weary of his life.

Phil. Leave these untimely courtesies, Endymion.

End. Alas, he's mad; come will you lead me on?

Phil. By all the oaths that men ought most to
keep

And gods do punish most when they are broken,
He touch'd her not. Take heed, Endymion,
How thou dost drown the virtues thou hast shewn
With perjury: by all that's good, 'twas I:
You know the flood betwixt me and my right.

Agr. It was Philander.

Vol. II.

G

Cleon.

82 THE RESTORATION; OR,

Cleon: It is a brave boy.

Adel. I fear,

We were all deceiv'd.

Phil. Have I no friend here?

Cleon. Yes.

Phil. Pray shew it then,

Somebody lend a hand to draw me near him:
Would you have tears shed for you when you die?
Then lay me gently on his neck, that there
I may weep floods, and breath my spirit out.
'Tis not the wealth of Plutus, nor the gold
Lock'd in the heart of earth, can buy away
This armful from me: you hard-hearted men,
More stony than these mountains, can you see
Such pure blood drop, and not cut off your flesh
To stop it with? Queens ought to tear their hair
To bind these wounds, and bath them with their
tears.

If I had strength, I'd pluck my heart out. Oh,
Endymion! thou that art the wealth of poor
Philander, and that I have us'd so ill;
Pray, let my crimes be punish'd as they ought,
And don't forgive me, I deserve it not.

Enter King, &c.

King. What, is the villain ta'en?

Thras.

RIGHT WILL TAKE PLACE. 83

Thraf. Both these confefs the deed.

Phil. Sir, question it no more, 'twas I.

King. The fellow, that did fight with him will
tell,

Ara. Ay me ! I know he will.

King. You know him fure.

Ara. No Sir; if it was he, he was disguis'd.

Phil. I was fo. O why am I not yet dead ?

King. Thou vain, ambitious fool, thou that haft
laid

A train for thy own life ; now I do mean
To do ; I'll leave to talk. Bear him to prifon.

Ara. Sir, they did plot together to take hence
This harmlefs life ; fould it pafs unreveng'd,
I fould to earth go weeping ; grant me then
(By all the love a father bears his child)
Their cuftody, and that I may appoint
Their tortures, and the way they are to die.

King. 'Tis granted ; take them to you with a
guard.

Come, princely, Thrafomond, this bufinefs paff,
We may with more fecurity go on
To our intended match.

[*Exeunt all, but Cleon and Agremont.*

G 2

Agr.

34 THE RESTORATION; OR,

Agr. This action of Philander, I'm afraid
Will lose the people's hearts.

Cleon. No; fear it not;
Their subtlety will think it but a trick.

Enter Adelard.

Agr. How are his wounds?

Adel. They are but scratches; it
Was only loss of blood that made him faint.

Cleon. Come, let's go see him.

Adel. No; not yet: the King
Has told the Princess he'll be with her straight,
And that he will examine there Philander
About his plot, and his confederates.

Cleon. Sure if he had a plot, he'd tell us on't.
But what a devil made him hurt the Princess,
I can't imagine what all this should mean.

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

ACT

RIGHT WILL TAKE PLACE. 85

ACT V. SCENE I.

Philander, Araminta, Endymion.

Ara. **N**AY, dear Philander, pray lament no more.

End. For heav'n's sake give o'er; we're very well.

Phil. Oh Araminta, oh Endymion, leave
To be thus kind; I shall be shut from heav'n,
As now from earth, if you continue so,
I am a man that has abus'd a pair
Of the most trusty ones earth ever bore:
Can it still bear us all? Forget me, pray,
Think that so great a wretch could not be born,
As was Philander. And for thee, my boy,
I shall declare words that will mollify
The hearts of beasts, to spare thy innocence,

End. Alas! my lord, my life is not a thing
Worthy your noble thoughts: 'tis not a life,
'Tis but a piece of childhood thrown away.
Should I out-live you, I should then out-live
Virtue and honour; and when that day comes,
If ever above once I close these eyes,
May I live spotted for my perjury.

Ara. And I the miserablest maid alive,

Do, by the honour of a virgin, vow
Never to quit you.

Phil. Make me not so hated :
People will tear me, when they find you true
To such a wretch as me : I shall die loath'd.
Enjoy your kingdom peaceably, whilst I
For ever sleep forgotten with my faults.
Every just servant, every maid in love
Will have a piece of me, if you be true.

End. A piece of you ! he must be one not born
Of whom, that can cut it, and look on.

Phil. Take me in tears betwixt you ; for my
heart
Will break with shame and sorrow.

Ara. Grieve no more.

Phil. Pray tell me now ; if you had wrong'd me
basely,
And found your life no price compar'd to mine ?
What is't you would have done ?

End. It was a mistake.

Phil. What if it were ?

End. We would have ask'd your pardon.

Phil. And hope t' enjoy it too.

Ara. Enjoy it ! yes.

Phil. Would you indeed ? Be plain.

RIGHT WILL TAKE PLACE. 87

End. We would, my lord.

Phil. Forgive me then.

Ara. So, so, 'tis well.

Are all things ready for our marriage?

End. I'll go see;

Learn all to love without design from me. [*Exit.*

Phil. Lead to my death.

Ara. I hope not so; at least

Thus much I'm sure of, that I won't out-live you;
And that I might the better claim a right
To end my days with yours, I have a priest
Ready to join our hands and hearts together.

Phil. Can there be yet a new invention found
Still more to shame Philander? I must now
Fly from her love, or be her murderer.

Ara. What means this pause? Why won't you
speak to me;

Phil. I know not which is worst; O my dear
foul,

I dare not trust your father's cruelty;
He is grown hot and speedy in his rage.
And now I'm master of myself again,
It is not in my power to do you harm.

Ara. Nothing can harm me but your want of love,
I dread your coldness, not his heat nor rage.

38 THE RESTORATION; OR,

Phil. Ay, but his hatred against me is such,
He would destroy you too if you were mine.

Ara. What if he did; I should take pleasure in't,
Had I but you, Philander, in my arms.

Phil. Dear Araminta, press me not so far;
Try not my passion with too strong a test;
Lovers can never very long be wise;
They go too fast to keep a steady pace,
And mind with too much violence present things
To take their measures right of what's to come:
If you inflame me more, my love will grow
So wild, I shall not have one cool thought left,
And then I shall undo thee.

Ara. No, you'll make
Me blest; of all the race of womankind
Most happy.

Phil. But yet I——

Ara. What?

Phil. I'm afraid.

Ara. Do not torment me thus, if it's for love
Of me you are so; mark what I shall say;
For heav'n ne'er yet declared a greater truth;
Marry me straight, before my father comes,
(And you forget how soon he will be here,)
Or, by your life, which I prize more than mine,
I'll

RIGHT WILL TAKE PLACE. 89

I'll kill myself.

Phil. Nay, then I must obey :
And pardon me, my dearest Araminta,
If I, at such a time of joy as this,
Can yet have griefs about me : but I have,
To find that I'm outdone, tho' by thyself,
So far in all the kindest proofs of love.

Ara. Ah, could my death to the whole world
proclaim,
How I love more than you ; my pride would be
So great in having it divulg'd that I
Should scarce (I am afraid) accept of life,
Tho' to enjoy you still.

Phil. Come then, my dear,
Let's talk no more, but love, love till we die.

Ara. Let's kill ourselves with loving furiously,
And so prevent my father's future crimes. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Cleon, Agremont, Adelard.

Cleon. But are you sure the King has sent for
him ?

Adel. Yes ; to the scaffold ; but the King must
know,

It is in vain for Kings to war with heav'n.

Cleon.

10 THE RESTORATION; OR,

Cleon. You told us tho' the King would hear
this fact

Examin'd in the chamber of the Princess.

Adel. He meant so once, now he has chang'd
his mind.

Cleon. Come then, we'll scuffle hard before he
perish.

Enter King and a Guard.

King. Gentlemen, who saw Prince Thrasomond?

Agr. He's gone, and please your Majesty, to
view the city, and the new platform, with some
gentlemen attending on him.

King. Is the Princess ready to bring her pri-
soners out?

Adel. I'll go see.

King. Tell her, we stay.

Cleon. King, you may be deceived yet;
The head you aim at cost more setting on
Than to be lost so slightly.

Enter Messenger.

Mess. Where's the King?

King. Here.

Mess. Haste, Sir, to your strength, and save
yourself,

The

RIGHT WILL TAKE PLACE. 95

The city's in a mutiny, fearing for lord Philander.

King. Bid 'em go hang themselves.

Cleon. O, brave countrymen !

Mutiny, my fine dear countrymen, mutiny !

Now my brave valiant foremen, shew your
weapons,

In honour of your mistresses.

Enter Philander, Araminta, and Endymion.

King. How come Philander thus to be unbound?

End. He is as fast as wedlock, Sir, can bind
him.

King. What means this riddle ?

Ara. He's my husband, Sir.

King. Your husband, say you ? Call the captain in,
That guards the citadel ; there you shall have
Your nuptial joys together : hear, you gods,
From this time do I shake all title off
Of father to this woman, this base woman ;
And what there is of vengeance in a lion
Cast among dogs, or robb'd of his dear young ;
The same inforc'd more terrible, and with
A greater rage, expect from me.

Ara. Sir, by

That little life I've left to swear by, there

Is

92 THE RESTORATION; OR,

Is nothing that can stir me from myself :
 What I have done, I never shall repent of,
 For death can be no bug-bear now to me,
 Since Thrasomond is not to be my headsmen.

Cleon. Sweet peace upon thy soul, thou worthy
 woman,

Whene'er thou dy'st ; for this time I'll excuse thee,
 Or be thy prologue.

Phil. Sir, let me speak next ;
 And let my dying words persuade you more
 Than my dull life has done : if you design,
 Or wish a wrong to her sweet innocence,
 You are a tyrant, and a savage one ;
 The memory of all your better deeds
 Shall be in water writ, but this in marble :
 No chronicle shall speak you, tho' your own,
 But for the shame of men ; no monument
 (Tho' high and big as Pelion) shall be able
 To cover this base murder : make it rich
 With brass, with purest gold, and shining jasper,
 Like pyramids, and lay on epitaphs,
 Such as make great men gods ; my little marble
 (That only cloaths my ashes, not my faults)
 Shall far out-shine it : and for after issues,
 Think not so madly of the heav'nly wisdoms,
 That

That they will give you more for your mad rage]
 To cut off thus, unless it be some snake,
 Or something like yourself, that in his birth
 Shall strangle you : think of my father, King,
 There was a fault ; but I forgive it ; let
 That sin persuade you to be careful of
 Your matchless daughter : spare but her dear life,
 And I'll surrender you my own with joy ;
 Tho' I confess I now could wish to live,
 For I in her have all this world can give
 To make me happy.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. Arm, Sir, quickly, or
 'Twill be too late ; the city's up in arms,
 Led by an old gray ruffin that has seiz'd
 Upon Prince Thrasomond, and swears he'll kill
 Him, if Philander be not straight releas'd.

King. A thousand devils take 'em.

Cleon. A thousand blessings on 'em, and on all
 Will take their parts ; I'm sure that I'll make one.

King. Come, to the citadel ; I'll see these safe.

[*Ex. with Philander and Araminta.*

And then cope with these burghers. Let the guard,
 And all the gentlemen, give strong attendance.

[*Exit.*

Manent

Manent Cleon, Agremont, Adelard.

Agr. The city up! This was above our wishes.

Cleon. I, and the marriage too; now by my life
This noble lady has deceiv'd us all:

A plague upon myself, a thousand plagues,
For having such unworthy thoughts of her
Dear honour. Oh, how I could beat myself?
Pri'thee beat me, and I'll beat thee again,
For we had both one thought.

Agr. No, 'twill lose time.

Cleon. Are your swords sharp? Well my dear
countrymen, what d'ye lack? If you continue and
fall not back upon the first broken shin, I'll have
you chronicled and chronicled, and cut and chro-
nicled, and all to be prais'd, and sung in sonnets
and new ballads, that all tongues shall troul you
in *secula seculorum*, my kind can-carriers.

Adel. What if a toy take 'em in th' heels now,
and they run all away, and cry the devil take the
hindmost?

Cleon. Then the same devil take the foremost
too, and souse him for his breakfast; if they all
prove cowards, my curses fly amongst them, and
be speeding. May they have Murrains reign, to
keep the gentlemen at home unbound in ease
freeze;

freeze : may the moths branch their velvets, and their silks only be worn before fore eyes. May their false lights undo 'em, and discover presses, holes, strains and oldness in their stuffs, and make 'em shop-rid. May they keep whores and horses, and break ; and live mew'd up with necks of beef and turneps. May they have many children, and all ugly like the fathers. May they know no language, but that gibberish they prattle to their parcels, unless it be the *Gothick Latin* they write in their bonds, and may they write that false, and lose their debts.

Enter King.

King. A vengeance take 'em, what a hum they make !

They swarm like bees, and (like them) buz together :

They have no sense of any thing but noise.

And therefore will not hear, but bawl still all

At once.

Cleon. Oh my brave countrymen ! as I live I will not buy a pin from out your walls for this ; nay, you shall cozen me too, and I'll thank you for't.

King.

King. There is no stopping them, thy're grown
so strong,

Except they see Philander ; one kind look
Of his would send them home as tame as sheep :
To me thy're fierce as lions, and they've reason.
Why should I hope for help in my distress,
That ne'er could pity any one alive ?
We think ourselves so far above mankind,
That 'tis beneath us to be just or grateful.
Alas, my faults are numberless.

Cleon. Yes, and

Your virtues are so too ; for you have none.

King. I see I must release him now ; it goes
Against my heart to do a virtuous act ;
But there's no remedy. Whose there ? Go bring
Philander hither.

Cleon. What can all this mean ?

[*Exit Adelard.*

King. Ah, if we Princes did consider well,
We are but men as frail as others are,
As subject to misfortunes, and as mortal ;
That if the powers above had made us great,
'Tis that we should with justice rule their people ;
That nations were not born to make us sport,
But we to make them glorious, safe, and happy ;

RIGHT WILL TAKE PLACE. 97

All our concerns the gods would favour more,
And men would all such Kings like gods adore.

Enter Agremont and Philander.

O worthy Sir, forgive me ; do not make
Both my offences, and your wrongs combine
To bring on greater dangers ; be yourself,
Still sound among diseases ; if I've done
You injury, I'll make you now amends ;
Calm but the people, and my daughter's your's ;
Take her, and with her my repentance, Sir,
My wishes, and my prayers : you shall be
What you was born to be, King of this land.
Do not mistrust me ; if the least untruth
Fall from me now, may I be struck with thunder.

Phil. I will not do your Majesty the wrong
To doubt your word ; let but the Princess, and
The boy be free, and I will stand alone
The shock of all this rabble ; which I'll quell
Or perish in the attempt.

King. Your word already
Has done that : go fetch 'em hither straight.

Phil. Then thus I take my leave, kissing your
hand,
And trusting to your royal promise, Sir,

Be not disturb'd: I'll bring you back the peace
You wish for.

King. All the gods attend upon you. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter an Old Captain and Citizens with Thra-
somond.*

Cap. Come, my brave Myrmidons, let's fall on,
let our caps
Swarm, my boys, and your nimble tongues forget
your mother's
Gibberish of, 'What do you lack,' and set your
mouths
Up, children, till your palates fall frighted half a
Fathom past the cure of bay salt and gross pepper,
And then cry, Philander, brave Philander,
Let Philander be deeper in request, my ding-dongs,
My pair of dear indentures, king of clubs,
Than your cold water chamblets, or your paintings
Spitted with copper; let not your hasty filks,
Or your branch'd cloth of bodkin, or your tiffues,
Dearly beloved of spice cake and custard,
Your Robin Hoods and Johns, tie your affections
In darkness to your shops; no, dainty duckers,
Up with your three-pil'd spirits, your wrought
valours,

And

And let your uncouth choler make the King feel
The measure of your mightiness. Philander,
Cry, my rose-nobles, cry.

All. Philander, Philander.

Cap. How do you like this, my lord Prince?
these are mad boys,

I tell you these are things that will not strike their
top-sails

To a foist, and let a man of war, an Argosie, hull
and cry cockles.

Thras. Why, you rude slaves, do you know what
you do?

Cap. My pretty Prince of puppets, we do know,
And give your greatness warning that you talk
No more such bug's words, or that solder'd crown
Shall be scratch'd with a musquet: dear Prince
Pepin,

Down with your noble blood, or as I live
I'll have you coddled. Let him loose, my spirits;
Make a round ring with your bills, my Hectors,
And let us see what this trim man dares do.
Now, Sir, have at you; here I hit you,
And with this swashing blow, (do you sweat Prince?)
I could hulk your grace, and hang you up cross-
legg'd,

Like a hare at the poulterer's, and do this with
this viper.

Thraf. You will not see me murder'd, wicked
villains?

Cit. Yes indeed will we, Sir, we have not seen
one so this great while.

Cap. He would have weapons, would he? Give
him a broadside, my brave boys, with your pikes;
branch me his skin in flowers like a fatin, and be-
tween every flower a mortal cut; your royalty
shall ravel; jagg him gentlemen. I'll have him
cut to the keel, and down the seams: oh for a
whip to make him galoon laces: I'll have a coach
whip.

Thraf. O, spare me, gentlemen.

Cap. Hold, hold, the man begins to fear, and
know himself,

He shall, for this time, only be seal'd up
With a feather thro' his nose, that he may only see
Heav'n, and think whither he's a-going;
Nay (beyond sea, Sir,) we will proclaim you, you
would be King?

Thou tender heir apparent to church ale,
Thou slight Prince of single sarcenet;
Thou royal ring-tail, fit to fly at nothing

But poor men's poultry, and have every boy
Beat thee from that too with his bread and butter.

Thras. Gods! keep me from these hell-hounds.

2 Cit. Shall's geld him, captain?

Cap. No, you shall spare his dowcets, my dear
donfels,

As you respect the ladies, let them flourish:
The curses of a longing woman kills as speedily as a
Plague, boys.

1 Cit. I'll have a leg, that's certain.

2 Cit. I'll have an arm.

3 Cit. I'll have his nose, and at my own charge
build a college, and clap't upon the gate.

4 Cit. I'll have his little gut to string a kite with;
For certainly a royal gut will sound like silver.

5 Cit. Good captain, let me have his liver to
feed ferrets.

Cap. Who will have parcels else? Speak.

Thras. Good gods, consider me; I shall be tor-
tur'd.

1 Cit. Captain, I'll give you the trimming of
your hand-sword, and let me have his skin to make
false scabbards.

2 Cit. He had no horns, Sir, had he?

H 3

Cap.

Cap. No, Sir, he's a pollard. What would'st thou do with horns?

2 Cit. Oh! if he had, I would have made rare hafts and whistles of them, but his shin bones, if they be sound, will serve me well enough.

Enter Philander.

All. Long live Philander! the brave Prince Philander.

Phil. I thank you, gentlemen, but why are these Rude weapons brought abroad to teach your hands Uncivil trades?

Cap. My royal roscicleer,
We are thy myrmidons, thy guards, thy roarers;
And when this noble body is in durance,
Thus do we clap our musty murry on,
And trace the streets in terror. Is it peace,
Thou mars of men? Is the King sociable,
And bids thee live? Art thou above thy foe, man?
And free as Phœbus? Speak; if not, this stand
Of royal blood shall be a-broach, a tilt, and run
Ev'n to the lees of honour.

Phil. Hold, and be satisfy'd, I am myself
Free as my thoughts are, by the gods I am.

Cap.

Cap. Art thou the dainty darling of the King?
Art thou the Hylas to our Hercules?
Do the Lords bow, and the regarded scarlets,
Kiss their gam'd goles, and cry we are your ser-
vants?

Is the court navigable, and the presence stuck
With flags of friendship? If not, we are thy castle,
And this man sleeps.

Phil. I am what I desire to be, your friend,
I am what I was born to be, your Prince.
And what, Sir, say you now!

Thras. For God's sake set me first free, and I'll
say any thing; I am so afraid I know not what to
say.

Phil. I do pity thee. Friends discharge your
fears,
Deliver me the Prince. I'll warrant you
I shall be old enough to find my safety.

Cap. Prince, by your leave, I'll have a surfiagle,
And make you like a hawk.

Phil. Away, away, there is no danger in him:
Look you, friends, how gently he leads; upon
my word

He's tame enough, he needs no farther watching;
Good friends, go to your houses, and by me have

Your pardons and my love.
 And know there shall be nothing in my pow'r
 You may deserve, but you shall have your wishes.
 To give you more thanks were to flatter you :
 Continue still your love, and, for an earnest,
 Die with this.

All. Long may'st thou live, brave Prince, brave
 Prince, brave Prince.

[Exit Philander and Thrasomond.]

Cap. Thou art the King of courtesy.
 Fall off again, my sweet youths, and every man
 trace to his house again, and hang his pewter up,
 thence to the tavern, and bring your wives in
 muffs ; we will have music, and red grape shall
 make us dance and reel, boys. *[Ex. omnes.]*

Enter King, Araminta, Melesinda, Alga, Cleon,
 Agremont, Adelard, Endymion, *and attendants.*

King. Is it appeas'd ?

Cleon. Sir, all is quiet as this dead of night,
 As peaceable as sleep. The lord Philander
 Does bring Prince Thrasomond away himself.

King. I will not break a word that I have giv'n
 In promise to him : I have heap'd a world

RIGHT WILL TAKE PLACE. 103

Of grief upon his head, which yet I hope
To wash away.

Enter Philander and Thrasomond.

Cleon. My lord is come.

King. My son,

Blest be the time that I of right do call
Such virtue mine. Now thou art in my arms,
Methinks I find a salve to my sick bosom
For all the wounds I find there: streams of grief
I have thrown on thee, but I find much joy,
That I repent it, issue from my eyes.
Let them appease thee, take thy right, take her,
She is thy right too, and forget to urge
My vexed soul for what I once have done.

Phil. Sir, all is blotted from my memory :
For you, young Prince of Spain,
Whom I have thus redeem'd, you have full leave
To make your honourable voyage home.
And if you would go furnish'd to your realm
With fair diversion, I do see a lady
Methinks would bear you company.
How like you, Sir, this piece ?

Alga. Sir, he likes it well,
For he has try'd it, and found it worth

His

His Princely liking. We were ta'en a-bed,
I know your meaning. I am not the first
That nature taught to seek a handsome fellow.
Can shame remain perpetually in me,
And not in others? Or have Princes falves
To cure ill names, that meaner people want?

Phil. What mean you?

Alga. You must get another ship
To bear the Princess and the boy together.

Cleon. How now?

Alga. Others took me, but I took her and him,
As that all women may be ta'en sometimes,
Ship us all four; we can endure
Weather and wind alike.

King. Clear then thyself, or call me not thy
father.

Ara. 'Tis false as heaven is true; but what means
Is left to clear myself? It lies in your belief.
My lords, believe me, and let all things else
Struggle together to dishonour me.

End. O! stop your ears, great King, that I may
speak

As freedom would, then I will call this lady
As base as are her actions: hear me, Sir,

Believe

RIGHT WILL TAKE PLACE 187

Believe your heated blood when it rebels
Against your reason, sooner than this lady.

Alga. I vow the boy acts his part full well.

Phil. This lady ; I will sooner trust the winds
or seas

Than her. I say believe her not.

Why think you if I did believe her words,
I would outlive them ?

King. Forget her ; since all is firm between us ;
But I must request of you one favour,
And will not be deny'd.

Phil. By all the powers let it not be the death
Of her or him, and it is surely granted.

King. Bear away that boy
To torture, I will have her clear'd or bury'd.

Phil. O give my promise back, O royal Sir,
Ask something else, bury my life and right
In one poor grave ; but take not from me
My life and fame at once.

King. Away with him ; his doom's irrevocable.

Phil. Turn all your eyes on me, here stands a
man,
The falsest and the basest of the world.
Set swords against this breast, some honest man.
For I have liv'd to be the most accurs'd.

End. Be patient, Sir, I soon will make you easy.
I cannot tamely see your pain for me;
My hapless fortune much rather I'll reveal.

King. Will he then confess?

Cleon. He seems to say so.

King. Speak then.

End. Great King, if you command
This lord to talk with me alone, my tongue
Urg'd by my heart, shall utter all the thoughts
My youth has known, and stranger things than
these

You hear not often.

King. Walk aside with him.

Cleon. Why speak'st thou not?

End. Know you this face, my lord?

Cleon. No.

End. I have been often told
In court of one Euphrosyne, a lady,
And daughter to you, between whom and me
There was such strange resemblance, that we two
Could not be known asunder, drest alike.

Cleon. By heav'n, and so there is.

End. For her sake,
Who now does spend the spring-time of her life
In holy pilgrimage, move the King,

That

RIGHT WILL TAKE PLACE. 189

That I may 'scape this torture.

Cleon. But thou speak'st as like Euphrosyne as
thou dost look.

How came it to thy knowledge that she lives
In pilgrimage?

End. I know it not, my lord, but have heard it,
And do scarce believe it.

Cleon. Oh my shame! Is't possible? Draw near,
That I may gaze upon thee? Art thou she,
Or else her murderer? Where wast thou born?

End. In Syracuse.

Cleon. What's thy name?

End. Euphrosyne.

Cleon. 'Tis she!

Now do I know thee? Oh, that thou had'st dy'd,
And I had never seen thee, nor my shame!
How shall I own thee? shall this tongue of mine
E'er call thee daughter more?

End. Would I had dy'd indeed; I wish it too,
E'er publish'd what I have told;
But that there was no means
To hide it longer; yet I joy in this,
The Princess is all clear.

King. What have you done?

Cleon. All is discover'd.

Ara. What is discover'd?

Cleon.

Cleon. Why my shame.

It is a woman, let her speak the rest.

Phil. How! that again.

Cleon. It is a woman.

[*Exit.*

Phil. Blest be the pow'rs that favour innocence.

King. Lay hold upon that lady.

Phil. It is a woman; hark ye, gentlemen,

It is a woman! Araminta, take

My soul into thy breast, that could be gone

With joy! It is a woman; thou art fair

And virtuous still to ages, in despite of malice.

King. Speak you, where lies his shame?

End. I am his daughter.

Phil. The gods are just.

Cleon. I dare accuse none; but before you two
The virtue of the age, I bend my knee

For mercy.

Phil. Take it freely; for I know

It was well meant.

Ara. And for me,

I have the will to pardon sins as oft

As any man has power to wrong me.

Cleon. Noble and worthy!

Phil. But, Endymion,

(For I must call thee still so) tell me why

Thou

RIGHT WILL TAKE PLACE. 111

Thou didst conceal thy sex? It was a fault,
A fault, Endymion, though thy other deeds
Of truth outweigh'd it. All these jealousies
Had flown to nothing, if thou hadst discover'd
What now we know.

End. My father oft would speak
Your worth and virtue with a zealous praise,
Which, as I grew in age, increas'd a thirst
Of seeing of a man so rais'd above the rest.
But this was but the child of curiosity,
Till fate one day brought you to my father's,
And I was order'd there to entertain you.
Oh spare my blushes; and yet a flame so pure
Methinks should cause no shame.
The only bliss that ever I propos'd,
Was still to live and be within your sight.
For this I did delude my noble father
With a feign'd pilgrimage, and dress myself
In a boy's habit, and understanding well,
That when I made discovery of my sex
I could not stay with you, I made a vow,
By all the most religious things a maid
Could call together, never to be known,
Whilst there was hopes to hide me from men's eyes,
For other than I seem'd, that I might ever

Abide

112 THE RESTORATION; OR,

Abide with you. Then sat I by the fountain,
Where first you took me up.

King. Search out a match,
Greatest in our kingdoms, and I will
Pay thy dower myself.

End. Ne'er, Sir, will I
Marry, it is a thing within my vow :
But if I may have leave to serve the Princess,
To see the virtues of her lord and her,
I shall have hopes to live.

Ara. Yes, Philander,
I can't be jealous, tho' you had a lady
Drest like a page to serve you ; nor will I
Suspect her living here. Come, live with me,
Live free as I do ; she that loves my lord,
Curst be the wife that hates her.

Phil. I grieve such virtue should be laid in earth
Without an heir. Hear me, my royal father,
Wrong not the freedom of our soul so much,
To think to take revenge on this base woman :
Her malice cannot hurt us ; set her free
As she was born, saving from shame and sin.

King. Set her at liberty : but leave the court ;
This is no place for such. You, Thrasomond,
Shall have free passage, and safe conduct home,

Worthy

Worthy so great a Prince. When you come there,
Remember 'twas your fault that cost you here
And not my purpos'd will.

Thras. I do confess it, most renowned Sir.

King. Last join your hands in one ; enjoy Phi-
lander,

This kingdom that is yours, and after me
Whatever I call mine ; my blessing on you :
All happy hours be at your marriage joys,
That you may govern all these happy lands,
And live to see your plenteous branches spring.
By what has past this day let Princes learn
To rule the wilder passions of their blood,
For What heav'n wills can never be withstood.

T H E
E P I L O G U E.

TO BE SPOKEN BY THE GOVERNOR.

IF by my deep contrivance, wit and skill,
Things fall out crofs to what I mean them still,
You must not wonder ; 'tis the common fate
Of almost all grave governors of late :
And one would swear, as every plot has sped,
They thought more with their elbows than their
head ;

Yet they go on as brisk, and look as well,
As if they had out-wisdom'd Machiavel :
So curs will wag their tails, and think they've
won us,

At the same instant they make water on us.
Is't not to let us see men should have none,
That have such tedious, fulsome bungling shown ;
For to go five years wrong, with art and pains,
Does shew a most prodigious want of brains ;
Nay tho' he ne'er judg'd right, yet there was one
Who bragadocied still himself upon
Being infallible, but he is gone.

O ! 'twas

The E P I L O G U E.

O! 'twas a thought of vast design and scope,
To rail still against popery and hope,
He might presume to be himself a Pope:
Tho' he might any thing presume to be,
That could deceive fops so infallibly;
The most egregious of all scribes could tell,
There never was such an Ahitophel:
And true admirers of his parts and glory
Will doubtless have a just renown in story,
Ten guineas that lord paid for't, as fame goes,
Above ten times its worth the world knows;
But he'll be better paid yet, I suppose.
They were a matchless pair, the one to plot,
The other to extol still what was not.
Yet, faith, the little lord, when hence he ran,
Did compass one thing like an able man:
For, since he could not living act with reason,
'Twas shrewdly done of him to die in season.

THE HISTORY OF

THE
LIFE
OF
THE
LORD
OF
THE
ISLE
OF
MAN
BY
JAMES
SMITH
ESQ.
OF
THE
BARR

AND
OF
THE
ISLE
OF
MAN
BY
JAMES
SMITH
ESQ.
OF
THE
BARR

THE HISTORY OF

THE HISTORY OF

THE
BATTLE OF SEDGMOOR:
BETWIXT
KING JAMES'S FORCES
AND THE
DUKE OF MONMOUTH,
REHEARSED AT WHITEHALL.
A F A R C E.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

The General, a Frenchman*, that commanded
King James's forces at the battle against the
Duke of Monmouth, in the West.
A Nobleman of England.
An English Lady.

Scene, a Drawing Room in Whitehall.

* Lewis de Duras, Marquis of Blanquefort, brother to the Duke de Duras, in France, and nephew of Marshal Turenne, was naturalized by Act of Parliament, 17 Charles II. and behaving with great gallantry in the war with the Dutch, was created Baron Duras of Holdenby, in Com. Northampton. He married Mary the eldest of the two daughters and coheirs to George Sondes, Earl of Feversham, in whose right, according to the entail, he came to enjoy that Earldom. He dying in 1709 without issue, the title became extinct.

THE

T H E
BATTLE OF SEDGMOOR *;

SCENE, *A Drawing Room in Whitehall.*

Enter a Lord and a Lady.

Lady. DID you ever hear of such a thing as this battle, as they call it?

Lord. Not I, I'll be sworn, nor no man else I think.

Lady. Every body says, that as the business was order'd, it was a thousand to one but all the King's forces had been cut off.

Lord. Yes, that is most certain; but that I am most delighted with is, to see the infinite satisfaction the General takes in explaining to every one he meets with, all the particulars of his foolery.

Lady. O! here he is a coming; for God sake let us make him tell it us again.

Lord. Pray do, Madam.

* The King ordered the regulars and guards to march against Monmouth, under the command of the Earl of Feversham, an honest, brave, and good-natured Nobleman; but he conducted matters so ill, that every step he made was like to prove fatal to the King's service. He had no parties abroad, he got no intelligence, and was almost surprized; and like to be defeated, when he seemed to be under no apprehensions, but was a-bed, without any care or order. The Earl was weak in his understanding, and his vanity has subjected him to the ridicule of the Duke of Buckingham.

Enter

120 THE BATTLE OF SEDGMOOR.

Enter General.

Gener. Madama, your most humble servanta.

Lady. Whither are you going so fast, my Lord?

Gener. Madama, me be going about some business of very grand importaunce.

Lady. But my Lord, will not you tell us a little first, some of the particulars of this battle?

Gener. Madama, vid all min harta, me tell a you begarra de hola historia o'de occasion: your Ladiship have hear, I supposa, dat de rebella get into the great towna-----Vat you call de towna?

Lady. What, Bristol?

Gener. No, de oder towna.

Lord. Exeter?

Gener. No, no, a pox take de towna vid de hard name: How you call de towna, de Breech?

Lady. Lord have mercy upon me, what does he mean?

Lord. Nay, I cannot imagine.

Lady. O! Bridgwater.

Gener. Ay begarra, Breechwater; so madama me have intelligensa dat de rebel go to Breechwater; me say to my mena, marsh you rogua; so me marsha over de greata fielda, begar, de brava contra were dey killa de hare vid de dogua, and the patrich vid de hawka, begar, de brave sport in de varld,

Lord. Well, my Lord, and what then?

Gener. Begar me marsh very well vid de drome and de trumpetra, de drombela and de great noisa begar; au how you call de brave fellow au de fine cappa turn ope vid de great poucha o'de fide?

Lord.

THE BATTLE OF SEDGMOOR. 121

Lord. Who, the granadier?

Gener. Ay begar, de granadere vid de hoboya, begar, de fine musick in de varld.

Lady. But, my Lord, what did you do there?

Gener. Why madama, me come vid in two mile o' Breechwater, and begarra, me post my self dere.

Lord. How many men, pray, my Lord, were there of the rebels?

Gener. Ma foy, between sixa and sevena thousand.

Lord. How many had you?

Gener. Abouta two thousand.

Lady. But, my Lord, if you were so few; why would you come so near the enemy?

Gener. Begarra, madama, because me no care for de enemia.

Lord. I suppose, my Lord, that your Lordship was posted in a very strong place.

Gener. O begarra very strong, vid de great river between me and de rebella, calla, de Brooka de Gutter.

Lady. But they say, my Lord, there was no water in that Brook of the Gutter.

Gener. Begar, madama, but dat no be my faulta, begar me no hander de water from coma, if no will rain, begar me no can make de rain.

Lady. But why did you not go to some other place?

Gener. O pardon me, madama, you no understand de ting.

Lord. And so your Lordship, it seems, encamp'd with your horse and foot.

Gener.

Gener. Ay, vid de foota; no, vid de horfa, begar me go vid de horfa an de gentlemen officera to one very good villash, where, begar, be very good quartera, very good meta, very good drinka, and very good bedda.

Lady. But pray, my Lord, why did you not stay with the foot?

Gener. Begarra, madama, because dere be great differentia between de gentlemen officera and de rogua de sogiera; begarra, de rogua de sogiera lye upon de grounda; but begar, de gentleman officera go to bedda.

Lady. But, my Lord, tho' by your favour, you would have been more secure, if you had been together.

Gener. Begarra, madama, you no understan de art militair.

Lord. Well, my Lord, how it was done is no great matter; but, God be prais'd, it seems they are beaten.

Gener. Beata! Ay, begar, dey be very well beata: Begar, me beata dem, and me killa dem like de rogua.

Lady. You beat 'em! How could you beat 'em, when you were not there?

Gener. Begar, madama, but they were beata by my ordera.

Lady. How by your order?

Gener. Why, begar, madama, before me go to bedda, me make to dem one very good speecha.

Lord. Ay; pray, my Lord, let us hear: What is it you said to them?

Gener. Begar, my Lore, me come to dem vid de great golda

THE BATTLE OF SEDGMOOR. 123

golda scarfa, begar very fine, vid a new pirrewigga
 begar very handsom, and a brave beaver hatta;
 begar me coka de hatta, an look to dem as big as
 de divel: Vid all de gentleman officera behinda
 me, and begar all very fina. So de fogiera giva
 de great shouta, and cry, God blefs our Generalla,
 God blefs your Excel.ensa; an alla dose tinga dat
 sho de respect an de lova to de person o' de qualite.
 So me say to dem, harka, you rogua de fogiera,
 me be your Generalla; me be a kin to my cousin,
 the Marshal Turena, de great General in de varld;
 begar he sho me all de trick 'o de warra, an all de
 poleteca; begar me tella you derefore one tinga:
 Begarra, if you stir from de camp, you rogua de
 fogiera, begarra me hanga you by de law marti-
 alla; an marka you me one ting more, when de
 rebella coma, shoota de musqueta, shoot de great
 gonn, make de great noisa, an begar when de
 rebella runna, kill de rogua vid the pike in de
 back, and de bullet in de narfa.

Lady. O, was that then the orders you gave
 them? Your servant, my Lord, [Exit Lady.

Lord. Nay, if your Lordship said that, you did
 all that a man could do.

Gener. Begar me know dat very wella: Begar
 me no come here to learna de art militaira; begar
 me de teacha dat very wella in my own contria.
 But, my Lore, begar me tella you one historia
 will make you laffa: begar de nit o' de batalla me
 be in bed vid one very pretty womans; begar, my
 Lore, de taut o' de occasione o' de musketa, o' de
 cannona, o' de pika, de bullet an de sworda, be-
 gar

124 THE BATTLE OF SEDGMOOR.

gar so run in my heada, dat begar me could do tinga. ,

Lord. Ay, my Lord, I don't doubt of that. Your Lordships most humble servant. [*Exit, Lord.*

Gener. Begar now dis be one very pretty tinga : Me beata de enemy like de great Generalla, like de man o'de conducta, an begar becausa me no born in Englanda, begar de Englishman laff at me. Odsooner, dey be de strangia natioon in de varld. [*Exit.*

THE
MILITANT COUPLE:

OR, THE
HUSBAND MAY THANK HIMSELF.

A
DRAMATIC DIALOGUE.

Freeman. **W**ELL! if these are the blessed effects of marriage, the Lord keep me and all good Christians, I say, out of the pale of matrimony :----But pr'ythee, Bellair, is this their constant course of life?

Bellair. Why really, yes. Only with this difference, that what thou saw'st yesterday, was nothing but meer sport and pastime to the terrible tragedies I have seen.

Freeman. For my part, I can't comprehend how the scene cou'd possibly be worse. Methinks Sir John and my Lady threw whore and rogue at one another very plentifully.

Bellair. Pshaw, pshaw, custom and use have made those words so familiar to them, that now they have lost all the poignancy of their signification. Alas! 'twas a meer calm, if compared to what tempestuous blustering weather I have seen in the family. Thou may'st as well think there runs as high a sea in Chelsea Reach, as in the Bay of Biscay, as conclude from yesterday's bickering
what

what noble exploits are done among 'em, when both sides are heroically inclin'd.

Freeman. I submit, since there's no disputing against matter of fact. However, pray inform me, what can be worse than what I beheld yesterday? Can any thing be more provoking, than for a man to insult his wife after that merciless rate; or more odious, than for a woman to expose her husband's infirmities?

Bellair. Yes, I tell you, blows are more provoking and odious. What signify a few foolish angry words? they don't break bones, nor give black eyes. Besides, as I told you before, this sort of language is now become so habitual to this worthy couple, that it makes no manner of impression upon them. Mithridates, you know, by accustoming himself to poison, brought his body to such a pitch at last, that he could regale himself with opium, and feast upon ratbane.

Freeman. So historians say indeed. 'Tis true, with the generality of constitutions, blows go a great deal farther than words. But, does Sir John bestow such favours often upon my lady?

Bellair. I have seen him deliver her over to the secular arm more than once. I remember, I dined there last winter, by the same token a quarrel happen'd about dressing of a dish of fish. Sir John swore the cook deserved to be crucified for spoiling so noble a brace of carp. My lady justified him, said the sauce was of her own ordering, and rallied Sir John very pleasantly upon the viciousness of his palate.

Freeman.

Freeman. Why, this is neither better nor worse than what I have seen in most families.

Bellair. This nettled Sir John wonderfully, who you must know values himself upon the orthodoxy of his taste. After abundance of good-natured compliments had past between 'em upon this head, Yes, madam, says he, I must own you are in the right: my palate is very vicious, and I shew'd it with a witness, when I married such a composition of pride, malice, and lust, as your ladyship.

Freeman. Ah, worthy knight, that was spoke like a hero! but what reply did my lady make to it?

Bellair. At least, says she, I have something more to plead for myself than thou hast. I knew thee to be a worthless sot, an empty, guzzling, smoaking wretch. But a villain of an uncle, whom I hope the devil has rewarded for his pains, forced me to take thee for my husband; otherwise I had sooner courted an infection, and bedded a leprosy, than suffered myself to be polluted with thy nauseous embraces.

Freeman. The true spirit of an Amazon, upon my word.

Bellair. I thought, 'twas now high time to interpose between the knight and his lady; so addressing myself to Sir John, I told him, that women had their odd fancies sometimes, which a wise man ought to connive at: then turning to my lady, I represented to her the duty of her sex; but finding that my preaching up of peace and moderation rather aggravated matters, than soft-

ten'd

ten'd them, I resolv'd to sit still, and leave all to the over-ruling wisdom of Providence.

Freeman. A very christian disposition. But proceed.

Bellair. The cloth was no sooner removed, but the war broke out with greater fury than ever. Sir John extreamly provoked at something my lady had said to him, swore and bluster'd like a hero in one of our modern tragedies. My lady, on her side, exercised her lungs with equal vigour, and was no less obstreperous. At last the knight, unable to contain himself any longer, struck off her commode, which courtesy her ladyship immediately requited, by throwing Sir John's perriwig upon the fire.

Freeman. This was doing business to some purpose.

Bellair. With that Sir John pushes my lady against a fine new pendulum-clock, that stood in the room, and broke the olive case all to pieces. My lady soon rallied and beat back Sir John upon a huge Japan looking-glass, which was demolish'd in an instant; to retaliate which favour, the knight finished all her china at three or four strokes of his cane. But now they came to a closer engagement, distributing their blows to one another with incredible gallantry, while I-----

Freeman. That is, what I long to hear; for methinks I wou'd have found myself *un peu embarrassé* how to behave myself in so nice a conjuncture.

Bellair.

Bellair. Listen then. All this while I sat unconcern'd upon my chair, keeping up to my old maxim of being neuter, between the two contending crowns. At last, after an hours dispute, tho' with some short intermissions, heaven was pleased to declare itself in favour of my lady, who retired triumphantly out of the parlour, and left her lord and master groveling upon the floor with a brace of black eyes; and all this to shew the vehemence of her affection.

Freeman. Well! 'tis a mystery to me, that married people, however they behave themselves to one another in private, shou'd not take care to preserve a fair outside at least before strangers. I knew a gentleman and his wife, who treated one another in public with all the respect and civility that can be imagined, so that you'd swear they were the most affectionate couple that ever graced the state of matrimony, since the concatenation of Adam and Eve in Paradise. But when they were by themselves the case was alter'd, and they show'd themselves in their proper shapes.---- But prithee *Bellair* how long have Sir John and my Lady been married?

Bellair. Somewhat better than five years. Sir John was the same numerical beast then you behold him now: but my Lady one of the most agreeable, sweet temper'd creatures the sun ever saw, and if she's alter'd for the worse, Sir John may e'en thank his own ill management. Alas! I know the whole history of their intestine broils, and what occasion'd them. I was invited to the wedding.

Freeman. And what did you observe remarkable at this ceremony?

Bellair. Nothing as I know of, but what happens at all weddings. There was a world of noise and impertinence, of scandal and bawdy, attended with dancing, fiddling, swearing, drinking, smoaking, and the like. One thing indeed was somewhat particular: the bride's brother, who is a true country rake, without the least share of good sense, or manners to atone for his vices, was pleas'd to tell all the company, how he had consummated (but he used a more familiar expression for't) the night before with a farmer's daughter upon a hay-cock; and this he delivered in such beastly language, that I wonder none of the grave ancient matrons at the table did not rebuke him for't.

Freeman. Why marriages, you know, are like the feasts of Saturn, devoted to merriment and liberty, and as in the latter, slaves were permitted to sit down with their masters; so in the former, the language of slaves (for what better name does obscenity deserve) is allow'd, I can't tell why, to come for a share.

Bellair. The parson of the parish led up the dances all the afternoon in his cassock, for both the weather and sport were too hot for him to whisk it about in all his ecclesiastical harness. But what makes me dwell upon such insignificant trifles as these? In four days all the company parted, and had Sir John been a man of tolerable discretion, he would certainly have been the happiest man in the universe. But I confess, his behaviour

haviour upon the nuptial day, gave me a vile omen of his future conduct.

Freeman. Why, what was that?

Bellair. Instead of saving himself from the bottle (which any man of common sense in his circumstances would have done) he must needs visit every company in the house, and like a northern inn-keeper, drank with all his guests; so that when he came to bed to his bride, he was as drunk as a chaplain of the army upon wetting his commission; and stunk of tobacco worse than a foot-soldier, that breakfasts, dines, and sups upon the weed.

Freeman. This was foolish enough. However, this may be said in Sir John's excuse, that the day of marriage being a day of hurry and tumult, 'tis no wonder if the person chiefly concerned in all this came to suffer by it first. Besides, I need not tell you that 'tis the wicked way of this world for the men to combine against the bridegroom on these occasions, in order to disable him from paying the tribute of the marriage-bed.

Bellair. For this very reason, Freeman, a man ought to set a double guard upon himself, and avoid the train that is laid to blow him up.

Freeman. That's right, but a spirit of good-nature and hospitality may sometimes carry a man beyond the rules of decorum. Well, but if Sir John made this false step upon the day of marriage, I hope he has made amends for it since.

Bellair. Why truly, if continuing one fault with another, is making amends for't, I know no man in the three kingdoms that has made more

substantial amends than Sir John. In short, he minded his dogs, his cocks, his horses, &c. more than his lady; was seldom or ever at home; and when he was, such a litter of scoundrels still accompanied him, there was such a squabbling about the merits of Thunder and Ringwood, such a profusion of groundless calumny and scandal, that a woman of any breeding would much rather submit to sit out three naked prizes at the Bear-garden, than be forced to do penance in this nauseous ribbaldry.

Freeman. And yet a woman must endure these hardships as well as she can, since the generality of our country-gentlemen inure them to't.

Bellair. Never tell me what the generality of brutes do. Don't you think a fine woman, in the bloom of her age, that has brought a noble fortune into a family, if she has any spirit or resentment of injuries, must not abominate the stupid, ungrateful sot that neglects and slights her, that prefers the company of the vilest scoundrels to hers; that can hardly afford her a civil word when he's sober, and always insults her when he's drunk? Don't you think, I say, that a woman must have something very angelical in her constitution, not to retaliate upon her husband that uses her thus, when an opportunity is offered her?

Freeman. I' faith I must own 'tis insupportable usage; and if I were a woman, and treated so barbarously, for all the christianity I pretend to, I am afraid, I should rebel.

Bellair.

Bellair. To return now to my discourse from which these reflections have insensibly led me. Sir John was generally abroad at his cock-matches and horse-races, projecting Newmarket assignations, tippling with his brother justices of the peace, managing elections, punishing the interlopers upon game, while his lady lived as melancholy a life at home, as if she had been confined to a nunnery; with this improvement too of her persecution, that she had nothing to converse with, but an old, affected, malicious aunt of Sir John, who continually entertain'd her with dull insipid histories of the heroes and heroines of her family.

Freeman. And how did she bear it?

Bellair. With a patience hardly to be parallel'd. I know some malicious people in the neighbourhood talk strange things of a private intrigue between her and a certain gentleman, with which they have so effectually possessed the knight, that this has occasion'd all the ill blood between them; tho' I can't imagine what pretence Sir John has to be jealous; for why should a man be jealous, that never was capable of love; or be concern'd to have that property invaded, which he always slighted?

Freeman. As ill an opinion as I have of the fair sex, yet I believe their miscarriages, generally speaking, are purely owing to the men. A state must be troubled with civil dissensions at home, before any foreigner will pretend to invade it; and there must be an ill understanding between

the wife and the husband, before a gallant can hope to succeed in the family.

Bellair. After all, if the lady has actually trespass'd against Sir John's honour, the Knight has none to thank but himself; for let a husband be never so much the superior, and flatter himself never so much with an imaginary pre-eminence, yet if he affects a despotic sway, takes more upon him than the law allows him, and violates the original contract, 'tis as natural for wives as for subjects to rebel.

POEMS.

P O E M S.

A PINDARIC POEM ON THE
DEATH OF THE LORD FAIRFAX,
FATHER TO THE
DUTCHESS DOWAGER OF BUCKINGHAM.

UNDER this stone does lie
One born for victory;
FAIRFAX the viliant, and the only he,
Whoe'er for that alone a conqueror wou'd be :
Both sexes virtues were in him combin'd ;
He had the fierceness of the manliest mind,
And yet the meekness too of woman-kind :
He never knew what envy was, nor hate ;
His soul was fill'd with truth and honesty,
And with another thing, quite out of date, call'd
modesty.

II.

He ne'er seem'd impudent, but in the place
Where impudence itself dares seldom shew its
face ;
Had any strangers spy'd him in the room
With some of those he had overcome,
And had not heard their talk, but only seen
Their gesture and their mein,
They wou'd have sworn he had the vanquish'd
been :
For as they bragg'd, and dreadful wou'd appear,
K 4 While

While they their own ill-luck in war repeated,
His modesty still made him blush, to hear
How often he had them defeated,

III.

Through his whole life, the part he bore
Was wonderful and great,
And yet it so appear'd in nothing more,
Than in his private last retreat ;
For 'tis a stranger thing to find
One man of such a worthy mind,
As can dismiss the power which he has got,
Than millions of the polls and braves ;
Those despicable fools and knaves,
Who such a pudder make,
Through dulness and mistake,
In seeking after pow'r, and get it not.

IV.

When all the nation he had won,
And with expence of blood had bought,
Store great enough he thought
Of glory and renown ;
He then his arms laid down,
With just as little pride
As if he had been of his enemies side,
Or one of them cou'd do that were undone :
He neither wealth, nor places sought :
He never for himself but others fought :
He was content to know,
(For he had found it so)
That, when he pleas'd to conquer, he was able,
And left the spoil and plunder to the rabble.

He

He might have been a King,
 But that he understood
 How much it was a meaner thing
 To be unjustly great, than honourably good.

V.

This from the world did admiration draw
 And from his friends, both love and awe,
 Remembring what he did in fight before :
 And his foes lov'd him too,
 As they were bound to do,
 Because he was resolv'd to fight no more.
 So blest'd by all he dy'd ; but far more blest'd
 were we,
 If we were sure to live, till we could see
 A man as great in war, as just in peace as he. }

TO HIS MISTRESS.

WHAT a dull fool was I,
 To think so gross a lye,
 As that I ever was in love before ?
 I have, perhaps, known one or two
 With whom I was content to be,
 At that which they call keeping company ;
 But after all that they could do,
 I still could be with more :
 Their absence never made me shed a tear ;
 And I can truly swear,
 That till my eyes first gaz'd on you,
 I ne'er beheld that thing I could adore.

A world

A world of things must curiously be sought,
 A world of things must be together brought
 To make up charms which have the power to
 move,
 Through a discerning eye, true love ;
 That is a master-piece above
 What only looks and shape can do,
 There must be wit and judgment too ;
 Greatness of thought and worth which draw
 From the whole world, respect and awe.
 She that would raise a noble love, must find
 Ways to beget a passion for her mind ;
 She must be that, which she to be wou'd seem ;
 For all true love is grounded on esteem :
 Plainness and truth gain more a generous heart
 Than all the crooked subtleties of art.
 She must be---What said I ? She must be you,
 None but yourself that miracle can do ;
 At least, I'm sure, thus much I plainly see,
 None but yourself e'er did it upon me :
 'Tis you alone that can my heart subdue,
 To you alone it always shall be true ;
 Your god-like soul is that which rules my fate,
 It does in me new passions still create,
 For love of you all women else I hate :
 But oh ! your body too is so divine,
 I kill myself with wishing you all mine.
 In pain and anguish night and day,
 I faint, and melt away :
 In vain against my grief I strive,
 My entertainment now is crying,
 And all the sense I have of being alive,
 Is that I feel myself a dying.

A DES-

A DESCRIPTION OF FORTUNE.

FORTUNE made up of toys, and impudence,
 That common jade that has not common sense,
 But fond of business, insolently dares
 Pretend to rule, yet spoils the world's affairs :
 She's fluttering up and down, her favour throws }
 On the next met, not minding what she does, }
 Nor why, nor whom she helps, nor merit knows : }
 Sometimes she smiles, then like a fury raves,
 And seldom truly loves but fools and knaves.
 Let her love whom she will, I scorn to woo her ;
 While she stays with me, I'll be civil to her ;
 But if she offers once to move her wings,
 I'll fling her back all her vain gewgaw things ;
 And arm'd with virtue, will more glorious stand,
 Than if the bitch still bent at my command.
 I'll marry honesty tho' ne'er so poor ;
 Rather than follow such a dull blind whore.

UPON FELTON, THAT WAS HANGED IN
 CHAINS FOR THE MURDER OF THE
 DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM, IN THE REIGN
 OF KING CHARLES I.

HERE uninterr'd suspends, tho' not to save,
 Surviving friends th' expences of a grave,
 Felton's dead earth, which to the world will be
 Its own sad monument ; his eulogy,
 As large as fame, which whether bad or good
 I say not, by himself 'twas wrote in blood ;

For

For which his body is intomb'd in air,
 Arch'd o'er with heav'n, set with a thousand fair
 And glorious stars, a noble sepulchre,
 Which time itself can't ruinate, and where
 Th' impartial worm (that is not brib'd to spare
 Princess corrupt in marble) cannot share
 His flesh, which oft the charitable skies
 Imbalm with tears, daining those obsequies,
 So long to men shall last, 'till pitying fowl
 Contend to reach his body to his soul.

A CONSOLATORY EPISTLE TO CAPTAIN
 JULIAN, THE MUSES NEWS-MONGER,
 IN HIS CONFINEMENT.

DEAR friend, when those we love are in distress,

Kind verse may comfort, tho' it can't redress;
 Nor can I think such zeal you'll discommend,
 Since poetry has been so much your friend:
 On that thou'st liv'd and flourish'd all thy time;
 Nay more, maintain'd a family by rhyme;
 And that's a mark that Dryden ne'er could hit,
 He lives upon his pension not his wit:
 E'en gentle George (flux'd both in tongue and
 purse)

Shunning one snare, yet fell into a worse.
 A man may be reliev'd once in his life,
 But who can be reliev'd that has a wife?
 Otway can hardly guts from gaol preserve,
 And, tho' he's very fat, he's like to starve:

And

And sing-song Durfey (plac'd beneath abuses)
Lives by his impudence, and not the muses:
Poor Crown too has his third days mix'd with gall,
He lives so ill, he hardly lives at all.
Shadwell and Settle both with rhimes are fraught,
But can't between 'em muster up a groat:
Nay, Lee in Bethl'em now sees better days,
Than when applauded for his bombast plays;
He knows no care, nor feels sharp want no more,
And that is what he ne'er could say before:
Thus while our bards are famish'd by their wit,
Thou who hast none at all, yet thriv'st by it.
Were't possible that wit could turn a penny,
Poets might then grow rich as well as any:
For 'tis not wit to have a great estate,
The blind effect of fortune and of fate:
Since oft we see a coxcomb dull and vain,
Brim-full of cash, yet empty in his brain:
Nor is it wit that makes the lawyer prize
His dangle'd gown: 'tis knavery in disguise:
Nor is it wit that makes the tradesman great,
'Tis the compendious art to lye and cheat.
The base strumpet still may rant and rail,
'Tis not her wit she lives by, but her tail:
Nor is it wit that drills the statesman on
To waste the sweets of life, so quickly gone:
For 'tis not wit that brings a man to hanging,
That goes no farther than a harmless banging.
How justly then dost thou our praise deserve,
That got'st thy bread where all men else did starve?
But what's more strange, the miracle was wrought
By one that ha'nt the least pretence to thought:
And

And he that had no meaning to do wrong,
 Can't suffer sure, for his no meaning, long.
 And that's the consolation that I bring;
 Thou art too dull, to think a treach'rous thing,
 The thoughtful traytor 'tis offends the king. }

A FAMILIAR EPISTLE TO MR. JULIAN,
 SECRETARY TO THE MUSES.

THOU common-shore of this poetic town,
 Where all our excrements of wit are thrown.
 For sonnet, satyr, bawdry, blasphemy,
 Are emptied and disburden'd all on thee:
 The chol'rick wight, untrusting in a rage,
 Finds thee, and leaves his load upon thy page.
 Thou Julian, or thou wise Vespasian rather,
 Dost from this dung thy well pick'd guineas gather.
 All mischief's thine transcribing, thou wilt stoop
 From lofty Middlesex, to lowly Scroop:
 What times are these, when in that hero's room,
 Bow-bending Cupid does with ballads come,
 And little Ashton offers to the bum---- }
 Can two such pigmies such a weight support,
 Two such Tom-Thumbs, of satyr in a court?
 Poor George grows old, his muse is worn out of
 fashion;
 Hoarsly she sung Ephelia's lamentation.
 Less art thou helpt by Dryden's bed-rid age,
 That drone has left his sting upon the stage.
 Resolve me, poor apostate, this one doubt,
 What hope hast thou to rub this winter out?

Know and be thankful then, for providence,
 By me has sent thee this intelligence.
 A knight there is, if thou can'st gain his grace,
 Known by the name of the Hard-favour'd face,
 For prowess of the pen, renown'd is he,
 Descended from Don Quixot lineally.
 And though like him unfortunate he prove,
 Undaunted in attempts of wit and love.
 Of his unfinish'd face, what shall I say,
 But that 'twas made of Adam's own red clay,
 That much, much oak was on it bestow'd,
 God's image 'tis not, but some Indian god.
 Our christian earth can no resemblance bring,
 But ware of Portugal for such a thing.
 Such carbuncles his fiery face confess,
 As no Hungarian water can redress.
 A face which shou'd he see, but heaven was kind,
 And to indulge his self-love, made him blind.
 He dares not stir abroad for fear to meet,
 Curses of teeming women in the street.
 The least cou'd happen from that hideous sight
 Is that they shou'd miscarry with the fright :
 Heaven guard 'em from the likeness of the
 knight.

Such is our charming Strephon's outward man
 His inward parts let those describe who can :
 But by his monthly flowers discharg'd abroad,
 'Till full, brim full of pastoral and ode:
 E'er while he honour'd Bertha with his flame;
 And now he chants no less Lovisa's name.
 For when his passion has been babbling long,
 The froth at last breaks into a song.

But

But sure no mortal creature at one time,
Was e'er so far o'er gone with love and rhyme.
To his dear self of poetry he talks,
His hands and feet are scanning as he walks.
His squeezing looks, his pangs of wit accuse,
The very symptoms of a breeding muse.
And all to gain the great Lovisa's grace,
But never wit did pimp for such a face.
There's not a nymph in city, town or court,
But Strephon's billet doux's have made them sport.
Still he loves on, yet still as sure to miss,
As they, that wash an Ethiop's face, or his.
What fate unlucky Strephon does attend,
Never to get a mistress, or a friend?
Strephon a like both wits and fools detest,
Because, like Æsop's bat, half bird half beast.
For fools to poetry have no pretence,
And common wit supposes common sense.
Not quite so low as fool, nor quite a top,
But hangs between 'em both, and is a fop.
His morals, like his wit, are motley too;
He keeps from arrant knave with much ado.
But vanity and lying so prevail,
That one grain more of each wou'd turn the scale.
He wou'd be more a villain had he time,
But he's so wholly taken up with rhyme,
That he mistakes his talent, all his care
Is to be thought a poet fine and fair.
Small-beer and gruel are his meat and drink,
The diet he prescribes himself to think.
Rhime next his heart, he takes at morning-peep,
Some love-epistles at his hours of sleep.

So

So between elegy and ode we see,
Strephon is in a course of poetry.

This is the man ordain'd to do thee good,
The Pelican to feed thee with his blood.
Thy wit, thy poet, nay thy friend, for he,
Is fit to be a friend to none but thee:
Make sure of him, and of his muse betimes,
For all his study is hung round with rhimes.
Laugh at him, juggle him, yet still he writes,
In rhyme he challenges, in rhyme he fights.
Charg'd with the last and basest infamy,
His business is to think what rhimes to lie:
Which found, in fury he retorts again,
Strephon's a very dragon at his pen.
His brother murder'd, and his mother whor'd,
His mistress lost, and yet his pen's his sword.

THE LOST MISTRESS. A COMPLAINT
AGAINST THE COUNTESS OF -----.*

FORSAKEN Strephon, in a lonesome glade,
By nature for despairing sorrows made,
Beneath a blasted oak had laid him down,
By light'ning that, as he by love o'er thrown.
Upon the mossy root he lean'd his head,
While at his feet a murmuring current led

* Probably the countess of Shrewsbury, whose lord he killed in a duel on her account, and who is said to have held the duke's horse, disguised like a page, during the combat; to reward his prowess in which, she went to bed in the shirt stained with her husband's blood. The loves of this tender pair are recorded by Pope.

Gallant and gay, in Cliveden's proud alcove,
The bow'r of wanton Shrewsbury and love.

VOL. II.

L

Her

Her streams, that sympathiz'd with his sad moans,
 The neighb'ring echoes answer'd all his groans.
 Then as the dewy morn restor'd the day,
 Whilst stretch'd on earth the silent mourner lay;
 At last into these doleful sounds he broke,
 Obdurate rocks dissolving whilst he spoke;
 What language can my injur'd passion frame,
 That knows not how to give its wrongs a name;
 My suff'ring heart can all relief refuse,
 Rather than her, it did adore, accuse.
 Teach me, ye groves, some art to ease my pain,
 Some soft resentments that may leave no stain
 On her lov'd name, and then I will complain. }
 Till then, to all my wrongs I will be blind,
 And whilst she's cruel, call her but unkind.
 As all my thoughts to please her were employ'd,
 When of her smiles the blessing I enjoy'd,
 So now by her forsaken and forlorn,
 I'll rack invention to excuse her scorn.
 While she to truth and me unjust does prove,
 From her to fate the blame I will remove;
 Say, 'twas a destiny she cou'd not shun,
 Fate made her change that I might be undone.
 E'er with perfidious guilt her soul I'll tax,
 I'll charge it on the frailty of her sex,
 Doom'd her first mother's error to pursue:
 She ne'er was false, cou'd woman have been true.
 Let all her sex henceforth be ever so. }
 She had the power to make my bliss or woe,
 And she has given my heart its mortal blow.
 In love the blessing of my life I clos'd,
 And in her custody that love dispos'd.
 In one dear freight all's lost! of her bereft,
 I have no hope, no second comfort left.

If

If such another beauty I could find,
 A beauty too that bore a constant mind,
 Ev'n that could bring me medicine for my pain,
 I lov'd not at a rate to love again.
 No change can ease for my sick heart prepare,
 Widow'd to hope, and wedded to despair.

Thus sigh'd the swain, at length his o'er-
 watch'd eyes
 A soft beguiling slumber did surprize ;
 Whose flatt'ring comfort prov'd both short and vain,
 Refresh'd, like slaves from racks, to greater pain.

UPON NOTHING. A POEM.

BY THE D. OF B. AND THE E. OF ROCHESTER.

NOTHING, thou elder-brother, even to shade,
 Who hadst a being ere the world was made,
 And well fixt alone, of ending not afraid.
 Ere time and place were, time and place were not,
 When primitive nothing, something strait begat ;
 Then all proceeded from the great united what !
 Something, the general attribute of all,
 Sever'd from thee its sole original.
 Into thy boundless self, must undistinguish'd fall.
 Yet something did thy nothing power command,
 And from thy fruitful emptinesses hand,
 Snatch men, beasts, birds, fire, water, air and land.
 Matter, the wicked'st offspring of thy race,
 By form assisted, fled from thy embrace,
 And rebel light, obscur'd thy rev'rend dusky face.

With form and matter, time and place did join ;
 Body, thy foe, with these did leagues combine,
 To spoil thy peaceful reign, and ruin all thy line.

But turn-coat time, assists the foe amain,
 And brib'd by thee, destroys their short-liv'd reign,
 And to thy hungry womb, drives back thy slaves
 again.

Thy mysteries are hid from Laick eyes,
 And the Divine alone by warrant pries
 Into thy bosom, where the truth in private lies.

Yet this of thee, the wise may truly say,
 Thou from the virtuous, nothing take'st away,
 And to be part of thee, the wicked wisely pray.

Great negative ! how vainly would the wise
 Enquire, design, distinguish, teach, devise,
 Did'st not thou stand to point their blind philoso-
 phies.

Is, or is not, the two great ends of fate,
 Of true or false, the subject of debate,
 That perfects or destroys designs of state.

When they have rack'd the politicians breast,
 Within thy bosom most securely rest,
 Reduc'd to thee are least, tho' safe and best.

But nothing, why doth something still permit,
 That sacred monarchs should at council sit
 With persons thought, at best, for nothing fit ?

Whilst weighty something, modestly abstains
 From princes courts, and from our statesmens
 brains ;

And nothing there like stately nothing reigns.

Nothing, that dwells with fools, in grave disguise,
 For whom they rev'rend forms and shapes devise,
 Lawn sleeves, furs, gowns, when they like thee
 look wise.

French truth, Dutch prowess, British policy,
 Hybernian learning, Scots fidelity,
 Spaniards dispatch, Danes wit are mainly seen in
 thee.

The great man's gratitude to his best friend,
 Kings promises, whores vows, tow'rd's thee bend,
 Flow swiftly into thee, and in thee ever end.

A TRIAL OF THE POETS FOR THE
 BAYES. IN IMITATION OF A SATYR
 IN BOILEAU. BY THE SAME.

SINCE the sons of the Muses grew num'rous
 and loud,
 For th' appeasing so factious, and clam'rous a
 croud,
 Apollo thought fit, in so weighty a cause,
 T' establish a government, leader, and laws.
 The hopes of the bayes, at the summoning call,
 Had drawn them together, the Devil and all;
 All thronging and list'ning, they gap'd for the
 blessing:
 No presbyter sermon had more crouding and pres-
 fing:
 In the head of the gang, John Dryden appear'd,
 That ancient grave wit so long lov'd and fear'd,

But Apollo had heard a story in town,
Of his quitting the Muses, to wear the black
gown;

And so gave him leave now his poetry's done,
To let him turn priest since R---- is turn'd nun.
This reverend author was no sooner set by,
But Apollo had got gentle George* in his eye.
And frankly confest, of all men that writ,
There's none had more fancy, sense, judgment
and wit:

But in th' crying sin, idleness, he was so harden'd,
That his long seven year's silence, was not to be
pardon'd.

----W----y† was the next man shew'd his face,
But Apollo e'en thought him too good for the
place;

No gentleman writer that office should bear,
But a trader in wit the laurel should wear,
As none but a Cit---e'er makes a Lord-Mayor. }
Next into the croud, Tom Shadwell does wallow,
And swears by his guts, his paunch, and his tallow,
That 'tis he alone best pleases the age,
Himself, and his wife, have supported the stage:
Apollo well pleas'd with so bonny a lad,
T' oblige him, he told him, he should be huge }
glad,

Had he half so much wit, as he fancy'd he had. }
Nat. Lee stept in next, in hopes of a prize,
Apollo remember'd he had hit once in thrice;
By the rubies in's face, he could not deny,
But he had as much wit as wine could supply;

* Sir George Etheredge.

† Mr. Wycherly.

Confest

Confest that indeed he had a musical note,
But sometimes strain'd so hard that he rattled in
throat ;
Yet owning he had sense, t'encourage him for't,
He made him his Ovid in Augustus's court.
Poor Settle, his trial was the next came about,
He brought him an Ibrahim with the preface torn
out,
And humbly desir'd he might give no offence ;
Dam him, cries Shadwell, he cannot write sense :
And Bancks, cry'd Newport, I hate that dull
rogue ;
Apollo considering he was not in vogue,
Would not trust his dear Bays with so modest a
fool,
And bid the great boy be sent back to school.
Tom Otway came next, Tom Shadwell's dear
Zany,
And swears, for heroicks, he writes best of any :
Don Carlos his pockets so amply had fill'd,
That his mange was quite cur'd, and his lice were
all kill'd ;
Anababaluthu put in for a share,
And little Tom Effences author was there :
But Apollo had seen his face on the stage,
And prudently did not think fit to engage,
The scum of a play-house, for the prop of an }
age.
In the numerous croud that incompass'd him
round,
Little starch'd Johnny Crown at his elbow he found,

His cravat-string new iron'd, he gently did stretch
 His lily white hand out, the laurel to reach.
 Alledging that he had most right to the Bays,
 For writing romances, and sh-ting of plays:
 Apollo rose up, and gravely confest,
 Of all men that writ, his talent was best;
 For since pain and dishonour mans life only damn,
 The greatest felicity mankind can claim,
 Is to want sense of smart, and to be past sense
 of shame;

And to perfect his blifs in poetical rapture,
 He bid him be dull to the end of the chapter.
 The poetess Afra, next shew'd her sweet face,
 And swore by her poetry, and her black ace.
 The laurel by a double right was her own,
 For the plays she had writ, and the conquests she
 had won.

Apollo acknowledg'd 'twas hard to deny her,
 Yet to deal frankly and ingenuously by her,
 He told her were conquests, and charms her pre-
 tence,

She ought to have pleaded a dozen years since.
 Nor could Durfy forbear for the laurel to stickle,
 Protesting that he had the honour to tickle
 Th' ears of the town, with his dear madam
 Fickle.

With other pretenders, whose names I'd rehearse,
 But that they're too long to stand in my verse:
 Apollo quite tir'd with their tedious harangue,
 At last found Tom Betterton's face in the gang;
 For since poets without the kind players may
 hang,

By

By his one sacred light he solemnly swore,
That in search of a laureat, he'd look out no
more.

A general murmur ran quite thro' the hall,
To think that the Bays to an actor should fall;
Tom told e'm, to put his desert to the test,
That he had MAID plays as well as the best,
And was the great'st wonder the age ever bore,
Of all the play-scriblers that e'er writ before,
His wit had most worth, and modesty in't,
For he had writ plays, yet ne'er came in print.

A SATYR UPON THE FOLLIES OF THE
MEN OF THE AGE. BY THE SAME.

WHEN Shakespear, Johnson, Fletcher, rul'd
the stage,
They took so bold a freedom with the age,
That there was scarce a knave, or fool in town
Of any note, but had his picture shown;
And (without doubt) tho' some it may offend,
Nothing helps more than satyr, to amend
Ill-manners, or is trulier virtue's friend :
Princes may laws ordain, priests gravely preach,
But poets more successfully will teach;
For as a passing-bell frights from his meat,
The greedy sick-man, that too much would eat;
So when a vice ridiculous is made,
Our neighbours shame keeps us from growing bad,
But wholesome remedies few palates please,
Men rather love what flatters their disease;
Pimps,

Pimps, parasites, buffoons, and all the crew
That under friendship's name weak man undo,
Find their false service kindlier understood,
Than such as tell both truths to do us good ;
Look where you will, and you shall hardly find
A man without some sickness of the mind :
In vain we wise would seem, while ev'ry lust
Whisks us about, as whirl-winds do the dust.
Here for some needful gain, the wretch is hurl'd
From pole to pole, and flay'd about the world,
While the reward of all his pains and care,
Ends in that despicable thing, his heir.
There a vain fop mortgages all his land,
To buy that gawdy play-thing, a command ;
To ride a cock-horse, wear a scarf at's arse,
And play the pudding in a May-day farce ;
Here one whom God to make a fool thought fit,
In spite of Providence will be a wit ;
But wanting strength t'uphold his ill made choice,
Sets up with lewdness, blasphemy and noise ;
There at his mistress' feet a lover lies,
And for a tawdry painted baby dies ;
Falls on his knees, adores ; and is afraid
Of the vain idol he himself has made :
These, and a thousand fools unmention'd here,
Hate poets all, because they poets fear ;
Take heed (they cry) yonder mad dog will bite,
He cares not whom he falls on in his fit ;
Come but in's way and strait a new lampoon
Shall spread your mangled fame about the town.
But why am I this Bug-bear to you all ?
My pen is dip'd in no such bitter gall.

“ He

" He that can rail at one he calls his friend,
 " Or hear him (absent) wrong'd, and not defend;
 " Who for the sake of some ill-natur'd jests,
 " Tells what he should conceal, invents the rest;
 " To fatal mid-night quarrels can betray,
 " His brave companion, and then run away;
 " Leaving him to be murder'd in the street,
 " Then put it off with some buffoon conceit;
 " This, this is he you should beware of all,
 " Yet him a pleasant, witty man, you call;"

To whet your dull debauches up and down,
 You seek him as top fidler of the town:
 But if I laugh when the court-coxcombs show
 To see the booby Sotus dance provoe;
 Or chattering Porus from the side-box grin,
 Trick like a lady's monkey new made clean:
 To me the name of Railer straight you give,
 Call me a man that knows not how to live.

But wenches to their keepers true shall turn,
 Stale maids of honour proffer'd husbands scorn,
 Great statesmen flattery and clinches hate,
 And long in office, die without estate;
 Against a bribe, court-judges shall decide,
 The city knavery want, the clergy pride:
 E'er that black malice in my rhimes you find,
 That wrongs a worthy man, or hurts a friend.
 But then perhaps you'll say, Why do you write,
 What you think harmless mirth, the world thinks
 spight.

Why should your fingers itch to have a lash
 At Simius the buffoon, or cully Bash?
 What is't to you, if Alidore's fine whore,
 Lies with some fop, whilst he's shut out of door:
 Consider

Consider pray, that dang'rous weapon, wit,
 Frightens a million, when a few you hit :
 Whip but a cur, as you ride thro' a town,
 And strait his fellow curs the quarrel own,
 Each knave, or fool that's conscous of a crime,
 Tho' he 'scapes now, looks for't another time.

Sir, I confess all you have said is true,
 But who has not some folly to pursue ?
 Milo turn'd Quixot, fancy'd battles, fights,
 When the fifth bottle had encreas'd the lights,
 War, like dirt pies, our hero Paris forms,
 Which desperate Bessus without armour storms.
 Cornus, the kindest husband e'er was born,
 Still courts the spark that does his brows adorn ;
 Invites him home to dine, and fills his veins
 With the hot blood which his dear Doxy drains.

Grandio thinks himself a beau Garçon,
 Goggles his eyes, writes letters up and down, }
 And with his saucy love plagues all the town ;
 While pleas'd to have his vanity thus fed,
 He's caught with C---- that old hag, a bed.
 But shou'd I all the crying follies tell,
 That rouse the sleeping satyr from his cell,
 I to my reader shou'd as tedious prove,
 As that old spark, Albanus, making love :
 Or florid Roscius, when with some smooth flam,
 He gravely on the publick strives to sham.

Hold then, my muse, 'tis time to make an end,
 Least taxing others, thou thyself offend.
 The world's a wood, in which all lose their way,
 Though by a different path each goes astray.

TIMON,

TIMON, A SATYR, IN IMITATION OF
MONSIEUR BOILEAU, UPON SEVERAL
PASSAGES IN SOME NEW PLAYS THEN
ACTED UPON THE STAGE.

A. *WHAT*, Timon, does old age begin to approach.

*That thus thou droop'st under a night's debauch?
Hast thou lost deep to needy rogues on tick,
Who ne'er could pay, and must be paid next week?*

Timon. Neither, alas! but, a dull dining sot
Seiz'd me i'th' Mall, who just my name had got;
He runs upon me, cries, dear rogue, I'm thine,
With me some wits of my acquaintance dine.
I tell him I'm engaged; but as a whore,
With modesty, enslaves her spark the more;
The longer I deny'd, the more he prest,
At last I e'en consent to be his guest;
He takes me in his coach, and as we go,
Pulls out a libel of a sheet or two;
Insipid as the praise of pious queens,
Or Shadwell's unassisted former scenes;
Which he admir'd, and prais'd at every line;
At last it was so sharp it must be mine:
I vow'd I was no more a wit than he,
Unpractis'd, and unblest in poetry:
A song to Phillis I perhaps might make,
And never rhim'd, but for my mistress' sake:
I envy'd no man's fortune, nor his fame,
Nor ever thought of a revenge so tame.
He knew my stile, he swore, it was in vain,
Thus to deny the issue of my brain.

Chok'd

Chok'd with his flattery, I no answer make,
 But silent leave him to his dear mistake.
 Of a well-meaning fool I'm most afraid,
 Who sillily repeats what was well said.
 But this is not the worst, when he came home,
 He ask'd, are Sedley, Buckhurst, Savil come?
 No. but there were above Halfwit and Huff,
 Kickum, and Dingboy. Oh! that's well enough;
 They're all brave fellows, cries mine host, lets
 dine,

I long to have my belly full of wine.
 They'll smartly write, and fight, I dare assure you,
 They're men I'faith; *Tam Marte quam Mercurio.*
 I saw my error, but 'twas then too late,
 No means, nor hopes appear'd for a retreat: }
 Well, we salute, and each man takes his seat.
 Boy, cries my sot, is my wife ready yet?
 A wife, good Gods! a fop, and bullies too!
 For one poor meal, what must I undergo?
 In comes my lady strait, she had been fair,
 Fit to give love, and to prevent despair;
 But age, beauty's incurable disease,
 Had left her more desire, than power to please.
 As cocks will strive although their spurs be gone,
 She with her one bleer eye to smite began;
 Tho' nothing else, she (in despite of time)
 Preserv'd the affectation of her prime:
 However you begun, she brought in love,
 And hardly from that subject would remove:
 We chanc'd to speak of the French king's success,
 My lady wonder'd much how heaven could bless
 A man that lov'd two women at one time;
 But more, how he to them excus'd his crime.

She

She asked Huff, If love's flame he e'er felt !
 He answer'd bluntly do you think I'm gelt ?
 She at his plainness smil'd, then turn'd to me,
Love in young minds precedes ev'n poetry ;
You to that passion can no stranger be,
But wits are given to inconstancy.

She had run on I think till now, but meat
 Came up, and suddenly she took her seat :
 I thought the dinner would make some amends,
 When my good host cry'd out, " You're all my
 " friends :

" Our own plain fare, and the best terse the bull
 " Affords, I give you, and your bellies full ;
 " As for French kick-shaws, cellery, and champain,
 " Ragous and fricasses, in troth we've none :"
 Here's a good dinner toward, thought I, when
 strait,

Up came a piece of beef, full horse-man weight ;
 Hard as the arse of M —, under which
 The coachman sweats, as ridden by a witch ;
 A dish of carrots, each of 'em as long
 As T — l that to fair countesses did belong ;
 Which her small pillow could not so well hide,
 But visitors his flaming head espy'd :
 Pig, goose, and capon follow'd in the rear,
 With all that country bumkins call good cheer :
 Serv'd up with fauces all of eighty-eight,
 When our tough youth, wrestled, and threw the
 weight :

And now the bottle briskly flies about,
 Instead of ice, wrapt up in a wet clout :
 A brimmer follows, the third bit we eat,
 Small beer becomes our drink, and wine our meat :
 The

The table was so large, that in less space,
 A man might fix old sage Italians place :
 Each man had as much room as porter B——
 Or Harris had in Cullen's bushel ——
 And now the wine began to work, mine host }
 Had been a colonel, we must hear him boast, }
 Not of towns won but an estate he lost }
 For the king's service, which indeed he spent, }
 Whoring and drinking but with good intent ; }
 He talkt much of a plot and money lent
 In Cromwell's time : As for my lady she
 Complain'd our love was coarse, our poetry
 Unfit for modest ears, small whores, and play'rs,
 Were of our hair-brain'd youth the only cares ;
 Who were too wild for any virtuous league,
 Too rotten to consummate the intrigue.
 Falkland she prais'd, and Suckling's easy pen,
 And seem'd to taste their former parts again.
 Mine host drinks to the best in Christendom,
 And decently my lady quits the room.
 Left to ourselves, of several things we prate,
 Some regulate the stage, and some the state :
 Halfwit, cries up my lord of Orrery,
 Ah ! how well Mustapha, and Zanger die ;
 His sense is so little forc'd that by one line
 You may the other easily divine :
And which is worse, if any worse can be,
He never said one word of it to me.
 There's luscious poetry ! you'd swear 'twas prose ;
 So little on the sense the rhimes impose :
 D--m me (says Dingboy) in my mind G-df--ns, }
 Etheridge write airy songs, and soft lampoons, }
 The best of any man ; as for your nouns,
 Grammar,

Grammar, and rules of art, he knows 'em not,
 Yet writ two taking plays, without one plot.
 Huff, was for Settle, and Morocco prais'd,
 Said rumbling words, like drums, his courage
 rais'd;

Whose broad built bulks the boist'rous billows bear.

Zaphee, and Sally, Mugadore, Oran,

The fam'd Arzile, Alcazer, Tituan;

Was ever braver language writ by man?

Kickum for Crown declar'd, said in romance,

He had outdone the very wits of France:

Witness Pandion; and his Charles the Eight,

Where a young monarch, careless of his fate,

Tho' foreign troops, and rebels shook his state;

Complains another sight afflicts him more,

(*Viz.*) The Queen's galleys rowing from the shore,

Fitting their cars, and tacking to be gone,

Whilst sporting waves smil'd on the rising sun.

Waves smiling on the sun! I am sure that's new,

And, 'twas well thought on, give the Devil his due.

My Host, who had said nothing in an hour,

Rose up, and prais'd the Indian Emperor;

As if our old world modestly withdrew,

And here, in private, had brought forth anew.

These are two lines, who but he durst presume

To make th' old world a new withdrawing room?

Whereof another world she's brought to bed;

What a brave midwife is a laureat's head!

But pox upon these scriblers, what d'ye think,

Will Zouches this year any champain drink?

Will Turene fight him? Without doubt, says Huff,

If they two meet their meeting will be rough,

D—mn me (says Dingboy) the French cowards are,
They pay, but th' English, Scots, and Switz
make war :

In gawdy troops, at a review they shine,
But dare not with the Germans battle join :
What now appears like courage, is not so,
'Tis a short pride which from success does grow.
On their first blow, they'll shrink into those fears
They shew'd at Cressy, Agin-Court, Poitiers ;
Their loss was infamous, honour so stain'd
Is by a nation not to be regain'd.
What they were then, I know not, now they're
brave,

He that deneies it, lies, and is a slave
(Says Huff, and frown'd ;) says Dingboy, that
do I ;

And at that word, at t'others head let fly
A greasy Plate, when suddenly they all
Together by the ears in parties fall :
Halfwit with Dingboy joins, Kickum with Huff, }
Their swords were safe, and so we let 'em cuff, }
Till, they, my Host, and I, had all enough.
Their rage once over they begin to treat,
And fix fresh bottles must the peace compleat ;
I ran down stairs, with a vow ne'er more,
To drink beer-glasses, and hear Hectors roar,

ADVICE

ADVICE TO A PAINTER, TO DRAW MY
 L. A—TON; GRAND MINISTER OF
 STATE.

FIRST draw an arrant fop, from top to toe,
 Whose very looks at first dash shew him so :
 Give him a mean proud garb, a dapper face,
 A pert dull grin; a black-patch cros his face,
 Two goggle-eyes, so clear, tho' very dead,
 That one may see, thro' them, quite thro' his head.
 Let every nod of his, and subtile wink,
 Declare the fool would talk, but cannot think.
 Let him all other fools so far surpass,
 That fools themselves point at him for an ass.

Next all his implements of folly draw.
 His iv'ry-staff, his snuff-box and * TATTA,
 That pretty babe that makes his lordship glad,
 And all the company besides so sad;
 She who in state is brought, to smooth his brow,
 When he has rul'd the roast, the Lord knows how.
 For tho' to us he's stately like a king,
 He'll joke and droll with her like any thing.

Paint at the door, attending night and noon,
 Povey the wit, and R--- the beau Garçon.
 Who at his entering shews a foot of chin,
 To let you know his face is coming in :
 Behind him let advance, in fear and choller,
 Tit----s the Jew, the pedant, and no scholar.
 Who for bold silly jests, is so renown'd ;
 Then shut the door, and let 'em all clinch round,
 For that's their proper talent; tho' our fate
 Has made them woeful ministers of state.

* His Daughter.

M 2

UPON

UPON THE INSTALMENT OF SIR THOMAS
OS---N, AND THE LATE DUKE OF
NEWCASTLE.

ALL who had hopes it e'er might be their fate,
To have preferment in the church or state,
At Windsor were commanded to appear,
To see an object strange, was shewing there.
Coach-fulls of fools went thither great and small,
Five lords, six bishops, and the B---es all :
Backwell and Vyner, with the merry crew,
Of all the bankers, and the voters too ;
Besides a throng of ladies, that did press
To pay their duty to the treasures :
Who, tho' my lord, to govern things may boast,
Does with her honour's prudence rule the roast,
Both he, and she, are persons of fine parts,
And have peculiar ways of gaining hearts.
First he brings always with him a sweet favour ;
To win the courtier's love, and courtier's favour ;
Then she puts on a fore-head-cloath to please
The city and the godly folk, she says :
And so with ease, and without cost, or pother,
They get a world of friends one way, or other.
For they were worse than devils, could oppose
Such taking charms, both of the eyes and nose.
Each writer there, was fitted for his station
Babb's for deep sense, Trerice for conversation, }
And Lauderdale to gratify the nation. }
Progers did represent iniquity. }
And that old cuckold F---it you might see }
Kissing's fore-finger for civility. }

And

And whistling gravely to himself a song,
 He has been practising, God knows how long !
 This being adjusted, on they all did prance,
 Throwing their arms out *a-la-mode de France* :
 Which made men stare, and put them to a stand,
 Every one crying by my troth, 'tis grand ;
 St. George himself came in upon this summons,
 Drest like a member of the house of commons ;
 With a plain suit, plain belt, plain band and staff,
 And ready still from looking grave, to laugh,
 For these brave house of commons men we see,
 Do all both Polls and Drolls affect to be.
 More to resemble them, his look was proud,
 His gate fantastick ; and he ask'd aloud
 Of all he met with, what means all this croud ?
 One of the standers by reply'd----they say,
 Two pale knights are to be install'd to-day.
 Strait Albemarle advanc'd with Lauderdale,
 Methinks then, quoth St. George, these are not
 pale ;
 They look as if they had been taking bumpers,
 Yes said the other, these two knights are thumpers.
 Who for their bulk were chose, with much ado,
 To grace the thinness of the other two.
 Well, cries St. George, let's see then who comes
 next ?
 It was New-Castle, who was much perplext,
 Between the care of decently conveying,
 And how to save half of his offering.
 The brave St. George strait knew he was an ass,
 Yet for his father's sake, he let him pass.

But whisper'd thus in pale Sir Os--n ear,
 Away thou worthless rogue, what mak'st thou here?
 How dare you in this chapel keep a quarter,
 With your blue lips, bluer than robes or garter?
 Go, get a shroud to match your face and breath,
 Be drest, as well as look and smell, like death.
 'Twas that alone at first which nature meant,
 Your loathsome carcass still should represent,
 For so unlively, and so nauseous too,
 Is every thing you either say or do;
 That even your base ingratitude does give,
 The least offensive tokens, that you live.
 You're such a scurvy, stinking, errant knight,
 That when you speak, a man wou'd swear you sh--:
 Then in a trice he flew from thence and tore
 His pert wife's croslet off; who curst and swore,
 Bit her thin lips, and railed like any punk,
 Whilst pale Sir Os--n opened his — and stunk.

UPON THE MONUMENT,

HERE stand I,
 The Lord knows why,
 But if I fall,
 Have at you all,

UPON

UPON THE FOLLOWING PASSAGES
IN THE CONQUEST OF GRANADA,

A TRAGEDY WRITTEN BY MR. DRYDEN.

*FOR as old Selin was not mov'd by thee
Neither will I by Selin's daughter be.*

A pie, a pudding, a pudding a pie,
A pie for me, and a pudding for thee;
A pudding for me, and a pie for thee,
And a pudding-pie for thee and me.

A NOTION TAKEN OUT OF TULLY'S
DIALOGUE, DE SENECTUTE.

IF all the Gods should now a fancy take,
Some one of us a raw young blade to make;
Is there a slave, or lord, (for lords we see,
Nothing else now a-days, but slaves will be)
That wou'd not say, Gods! in your doom be steady.
I have been long enough a fool already.
Name but one feat of theirs so little vain,
We should not blush to practise o'er again.
They are such beastly rogues in all they do,
Their very vices are unmanly too.
Wou'd you be dully drunk? break open doors,
To kick a nasty bawd, or cuff poor whores?
Or all we meet with in the streets abuse,
As our brave anti-wits and great ones use?
Nay cou'd we yet do grander things than these,
Murther an harmless watchman on his knees;

Go.

Go travel afterwards for more renown,
 Come home again, cut capers up and down,
 And then take Mastricht, hard by Windsor Town. }
 Were not the worst of death's a greater bliss,
 Than such a vile, insipid life as this?
 There never was but one, yet sot enough
 Cou'd wish to live for such base silly stuff.

THE PUMP-PARLIAMENT. A SATYR.

I.

CURSE on such representatives
 That tell us all, our bairns and wives,
 Quoth Dick, with indignation;
 They're but an engine to raise tax,
 And the whole business of their acts,
 Is to undo the nation.

II.

Just like our rotten pump at home,
 We pour in water when 'twon't come,
 And that way get more out;
 So when mine Host does money lack,
 He money gives among this pack,
 And then it runs full spout.

III.

By wise folk I have oft been told,
 Parl'ments grow nought as they grow old.
 We groan'd under the rump,
 But sure this is a heavier curse,
 That sucks and drains thus every purse,
 By this old Whitehall pump.

OPTIMUM

OPTIMUM QUOD EVENIT.

OR, AN EPIGRAM OCCASIONED BY THE KING'S
REPROACHING HIM WITH AN OVERSIGHT.

BY hidden springs man's smallest actions move,
Wound up by an unerring hand above,
Why say you then, that this or that's amiss;
Since nothing cou'd be better than what is?

THE CABIN-BOY.

NAY he could sail a yacht both nigh and large,
Knew how to trim a boat, and steer a barge:
Cou'd say his compass, to the nation's joy,
And swear as well as any cabin-boy.
But not one lesson of the ruling art,
Cou'd this dull blockhead ever get by heart.
Look over all the universal frame,
There's not a thing the will of man can name,
In which this ugly, perjur'd rogue delights,
But Ducks, and loit'ring, butter'd buns, and Whites.

THE DUCKS.

WHILST in the state all things look smooth
and fair,
I'll dabble up and down, and take the air.
But at the first appearance of foul weather,
I and my ducks will quack away together.

VERSES

VERSES ON THE FOLLOWING TWO
LINES OF MR. EDWARD HOWARD.

But Fame had sent forth all her nimble spies,
To blaze this match, and lend to Fate some eyes.

BUT wherefore all this pother about fame?
A man might say, says one: the very fame
Demand might well be made, another cries,
Of Fate; and how it got, from Fame, such eyes?
'Tis well; you're witty persons both, say I;
Yet to your wit this boldly I'll reply:
Fate is the twin of Chance, by which you find
Fate must needs see, except that Chance were
blind:

For, among friends, 'twere inequality
To think one shou'd be blind, and t'other see.
Now tell me, criticks, do not all the wise
Profess that which they see, they see with eyes?
And the same figure do not I advance,
When I protest, I saw a thing by chance?
Since then so various things by chance we see,
Fate might have eyes to multiplicity;
But our mild author says, it has but some;
'Thus, critick vile, thus I have struck thee dumb:
And thus subscribe myself, with heart, and hand,
The author's friend, most humble servant, and

BUCKINGHAM.

A CON.

A
C O N F E R E N C E

BETWEEN

His Grace, GEORGE late Duke of BUCKINGHAM,
and father FITZGERALD, an Irish priest, whom
King JAMES II. sent to his Grace in his sickness,
to endeavour to pervert him to the popish per-
suasion.

FAITHFULLY TAKEN BY HIS SECRETARY,

Priest. **M**AY it please your grace, I come from
his majesty, who sent me on purpose to wait on
you.

Duke. I am exceedingly beholden to his majesty
for all his favours. I thought I had long ago been
out of his remembrance. Pray, Sir, take a chair.
And what may your errand be?

Priest. His majesty being informed of your
grace's illness, and, as it becomes a prince who
has a true regard for his subjects, compassionating
the dangerous circumstances you are in at present,
commanded me to use my best endeavours to re-
claim your grace from that heretical communion,
'tis now your unhappiness to embrace, and recon-
cile you to the catholick church, out of which
there is no salvation.

Duke.

Duke. I perceive, Sir, you're a priest. S---am, bring up a bottle of wine, and clean glasses----do you smoke, Sir?

Priest. An't please your grace, I did not come to drink, but---

Duke. Well, well, a glass now and then won't spoil conversation. But, do you say, Sir, there is no salvation to be had out of the pale of the catholick church.

Priest. 'Tis not my private opinion, all the great doctors of our church maintain it.

Duke. And by this catholick church, you mean the church of Rome, don't you?

Priest. I do.

Duke. Why then, father, I am afraid you'll find it a hard matter to bring me to have a good opinion of her. (*Enter boy with the bottle and glasses.*) Set them down before us, and get you gone. Come, father, here's to his majesty's good health.

Priest. I humbly thank your grace, but you have fill'd me too unmercifully, I can never----

Duke. Never take off such a trifle? you are no priest then. Come, I'll engage it never indisposes you. What wou'd the king say to you, should he know you refus'd his health?

Priest. Well then I submit: his majesty's health, (*Drinks off his glass.*) And your grace's commands must never be disputed.

Duke. But all this while, father, you take no (*playing with the cork*) notice of my fine gelding here. Do but observe his exquisite shape: what a fine turn'd neck is there? his eyes, how lively and
full?

full? his pace, how majestick and noble? I'll lay a hundred guineas, there's nothing in Newmarket can compare with him.

Priest. An't please your grace, I see no horse.

Duke. Why, don't you see me play with his mane, stroke him under the belly, clap his buttocks, and manage him as I please?

Priest. Either your grace is merrily disposed, or else your illness has had a very unlucky effect upon your grace's imagination. Upon my sincerity I see nothing but a cork in your hands.

Duke. How! my horse dwindled into a foolish piece of cork? Come, father, this is very unkindly done of you, to turn the finest gelding in Europe, whose sire was a true Arab, and had a better genealogy to show than the best gentleman in Wales or Scotland can pretend to: nay, whose illustrious ancestors have had the honour to carry several Sultans of Babylon, Caliphs of Egypt, Grand Signiors of Constantinople, and Xeriffs of Morocco upon their backs; to turn, I say, a creature so well descended into an idle cork.----- It surprizes me, it puts me into confusion, I can't tell what to say or do; therefore at my request once more observe him more carefully, and tell me your opinion.

Priest. Not to flatter then this melancholy humour in your grace, which may but serve to confirm and rivet it the more in you, I must roundly and fairly tell your grace, that 'tis a cork, and nothing but a cork.

Duke. 'Tis hard, that a person of my quality's word won't be taken in such a matter, where I
have

have not the least prospect of getting a farthing by imposing upon you. But, father, how do you make good your assertion? I say still 'tis a horse; you tell me 'tis a cork; how shall this difference be made up between us?

Priest. Very easily; for instance, I first examine it (*taking the cork from the Duke*) by my smell, and that tells me 'tis cork. I next consult my sight, and that affirms the same: then I judge it by my taste, and still 'tis cork. In short, my touch assures me 'tis cork, and my ears, that have heard the description of this bark a hundred times, concur in the same story. 'Tis impossible, that all my senses should be banter'd and cheated in an affair of this nature, and they are the proper judges to appeal to upon such occasions.

Duke. Nay, since you are so positive, father, I won't contest the matter with you, but e'en let it be a cork. The fumes arising from my illness, (which I thank you for not flattering) I perceive, had somewhat disordered me: but now they are blown over, and I see as plain as a pike staff that 'tis nothing but a cork.----So now, father, if you please, to the business in hand.

Priest. I presume your grace believes the Trinity.

Duke. Hark you, father, before you proceed a step farther; thou'rt plaguily mistaken, if thou think'st to make the Trinity a stepping stone to transubstantiation. I thought you came to reconcile me to those points about which the two churches differ; and not to spend your breath, to no purpose, upon a subject wherein we are agreed.

Priest.

Priest. Be it so then, and since your grace has mention'd transubstantiation, we'll enter into the merits of that controversy. I need not remind your grace, that no article of our holy religion is so expressly laid down in scripture as that: for what can be plainer than, *Hoc est corpus meum*?

Duke. But under favour, father, 'tis not so plain as you imagine. 'Tis certain the primitive christians believed nothing of the matter, nor ever dreamt of a corporal presence: for what tragical work would Lucian, Porphyry, Celsus, and the other learned adversaries of christianity, have made with the christian apologists, who used to charge the pagans with the barbarity of their human sacrifices, expose the *foible* of their deities, and droll upon old Saturn, for devouring his own children, had transubstantiation been the avowed belief of those primitive times? how wou'd they have insulted the christians, and turn'd off the edge of this recrimination from themselves? could they have taxed the christians with that most monstrous, most absurd, and most barbarous principle of eating the very God that made and redeem'd them?

Priest. However, this article, as absurd and monstrous as your grace represents it, has the countenance of fathers and œcumenical councils, and has been asserted by all the celebrated doctors of the Greek and Latin church; not to mention a constant series of miracles, that have supported it ever since the institution of our religion.

Duke. As for your fathers and councils, I value them not a farthing. They were men as well as

we, and consequently as liable to mistakes. Besides, I must tell you plainly, 'tis not fair to mention them out of a library, where you may immediately be satisfied whether the quotation is honest, or to any other but such who have carefully read them over in the originals; whereas, 'tis common with you priests, to make a great pother about them to tradesmen, and sea-men. 'Tis plain, the fathers, and councils were never intended to be the regulators of our faith; for three parts in four of mankind have neither capacity nor leisure to read them; and, of those few that do, fewer understand them, and even those that pretend to understand them are at endless wars, whether they are genuine or no, and make no scruple to reject them when they don't serve their turn.

Priest. To let your grace see I am a fair adversary, I will at present lay aside both fathers and councils, and appeal even to your own translation of the bible, where, at the institution of this mysterious sacrament, our Saviour expressly tells his disciples, *This is my body.*

Duke. So he tells them in the same book, *I am the door, and I am the vine*; and yet I never heard that any set of men, or any particular man, was ever so frantick as to maintain, that he was either a door, or a vine, tho' they have as plain a text to countenance it as you have for transubstantiation. All these are figurative expressions, such as daily occur in common conversation, and none but fools out of ignorance, or knaves out of interest, interpret them in the literal sense.-----But to dismiss this

this digression, prithee tell me, honest father, whether, at the celebration of the last supper, our Saviour gave himself to be verily and really eaten by his disciples?

Priest. No doubt on't; for what says St. Austin upon this occasion? *Christus portavit seipsum manibus suis.*

Duke. If that father was such a coxcomb as to express himself so foolishly, what's that to me?--- Well then, if our Saviour was really eaten by his disciples at that supper, it follows of course, that he was really dead, and that he suffered death, and was made an oblation for the sins of mankind, before he offered himself a victim to the justice of his father upon the cross, which I suppose you will hardly maintain.

Priest. May it please your grace, these are mysteries, imparted to us by divine revelation, which we are with the utmost submission to believe, tho' they shock our reason and senses never so much.

Duke. I see, father, I must refresh your memory with this piece of cork, which I positively affirm once more to be a horse: just now you would be governed by the senses, in those matters that properly belong to their tribunal, but now you disown the jurisdiction of the court, which is not honestly done.

Priest. But in matters of faith.-----

Duke. And what of all that? No man shall ever persuade me to believe against the plain conviction of my senses.----Here's a consecrated wafer; you tell me 'tis God Almighty: I say 'tis a piece of bread, and nothing else. If I examine it by my

taste, 'tis bread, if by my smell, sight and touch, 'tis bread still. Now why, for the sake of a dubious phrase, which is agreeable to sense and reason when understood metaphorically, but involves a million of contradictions and absurdities when literally, should I set up a most monstrous and impious doctrine, in downright opposition to common sense and reason; to the end of our Saviour's suffering upon the cross, which was to be performed but once, and not daily, as you assert in ten thousand different places, and lastly, to the majesty of the divine essence.

Priest. My Lord Duke, you must humble your reason to reconcile yourself to this holy mystery, which even the angels themselves don't comprehend.

Duke. Our Saviour, when he first instituted his religion, wrought several miracles before the people, by which he appealed to their senses, so 'tis plain, that he thought 'em the proper judges of miracles. When you have a *Mahometan* or *Pagan* to convert, you tell him of these same miracles, and that they could proceed from nothing but a divine power, and so you get him into your church; but as soon as you have got him there, you preach up quite contrary doctrine; and tell him he must renounce his reason and senses, under pain of damnation. Thus you subtilly appeal to his senses, to wheedle him into St. Peter's net; but when you have him safe there, he must trust to them no longer: nay, he must lay them aside as enemies to the catholick truth.

Priest. As absurd as your Grace looks upon this doctrine

doctrine to be, 'tis believed by the majority of the christian world.

Duke. That's worse and worse still ; in all ages and nations of the world, error ever drew more profelytes after it than the truth-----But not to combat so inhuman as well as nonsensical a tenet any longer, I'll tell you a short story. When I was sent ambassador from the late king to Paris, in the year 1670, I took over with me a young blackamore boy, who could just make a shift to be understood in English ; and this boy, one holy-day morning, went along with some of my gentlemen to see the curiosities of so remarkable a city, and all of them at last went into Notre-dame church, as the priest was celebrating mass, at the high mass. The lad was perfectly surprized at their rich habits, and fine musick ; and when the priest came to the elevation, he asked one of my gentlemen, what that white thing was which the man in the party-coloured coat held up in his fingers ? Why, (replies he) these people believe it to be God Almighty. Not long after, at a side-altar, he saw a priest giving the wafer to a parcel of people upon their knees, and putting it into their mouths. What, (cries he to the gentleman) do they eat their God after they have so solemnly worshipped him ? Yes, answers he, this is their belief. The boy was so strangely confounded at what he had observed, that he spoke not a syllable when he came home ; but was moping and musing by himself. I could not but take notice of this alteration in him at dinner. So Tom, says I to him, what's the matter with thee ? if thou'rt ill,

go down to the house-keeper : No, cries he, I am not sick ; but I have seen a very odd sight this morning, which I can't help thinking on. I saw a man in fine cloaths show the people God, and they fell upon their knees, and beat their breasts ; and afterwards I saw this man put God into their mouths, and they swallowed him. Well, says I, and where's the harm of that, Tom ? I don't know, says the boy, why they should eat God, since he does us no harm ; but, if they have the same power over the Devil, I wish we had a hundred or two of these fine men in our country, to eat the Devil for us ; for we cannot rest for him a-nights, he pinches us in the arms, sours our palm-wine, spoils our victuals, and is so plaguy mischievous, he and his young cubs, that we should be glad to get rid of him at any rate. And this reflection a poor ignorant lad just come from Guinea made of himself.

Priest. I am sorry to see your grace in a disposition so unfit to receive those sublime truths ; but, pray, let me ask you one sober question, is it not safer, as well as more discreet, to fly into the arms of a church that is infallible, than be guided by a wandering meteor, by an *ignis fatuus* ? for I never heard the gentlemen of your communion pretend to be exempt from error.

Duke. That shows their modesty, and I promise you, father, to reply to you more particularly to this point, when your doctors have agreed where to lodge their infallibility. In the mean time, 'tis not worth your while to talk of it ; for I shall lead you such a wild-goose chase from general councils

to the conclave, and from thence to the cathedra, and so back again, in an everlasting circle, that you'll soon be weary of the labyrinth.

Priest. Well, then, your grace cannot but own, that we are the only church that are possessed of the sacred treasure of miracles; and these are such evident demonstrations of----

Duke. Well, father, since we have fallen again, I don't know how, upon the chapter of miracles, I will take care to entertain you with one that happened but last winter in Northumberland, and comes confirmed from so many hands, both catholic and protestant, that he must be a very rank infidel indeed, who dares dispute the credibility of it. But, as I have one of the most treacherous memories in the world, I won't pretend to relate it to you myself, but one of my servants shall do it---Here; (*to one of his gentlemen coming into the room*) go bid long John come to me immediately.

Priest. Your grace may save yourself that trouble, if you please, for I am as well satisfied as if I had heard it.

Duke. Nay, you're no priest for my money if you refuse to hear a miracle, and, what is more, a catholic miracle. (*long John enters*) Come, John, you must oblige this worthy gentleman here, who is come upon no less errand than the salvation of your master's soul, with the relation of that famous miracle that happened last winter in Northumberland.

John. Your grace had always a right to command me. Why, then, Sir, you are to understand, that within two miles of my Lord Wid-

drington's house, in the above-mentioned county, there is a small village (I am sorry I have forgot its name, but I hope I shall recover it anon) which wholly belongs to his lordship; by the same token most of the inhabitants, in complaisance, I suppose, to their landlord, are Roman Catholicks.

Duke. Very well, proceed.

John. An ancient woman of this village was accidentally sitting at her door, about three in the afternoon, when my lord's priest happened to brush by her. She immediately ran after him, and told him, dear father, you must never think of going to his lordship to-night, the ways are slippery, and full of sloughs, the days are short, and you'll certainly be benighted before you can have got half the way thither; I tremble to think what would become of you, should you lose the road, or fall into a ditch; therefore let me persuade you to accept of a sorry supper and lodging at my house; I am sure my Lord will not be offended with you, and to-morrow you'll have the whole day before you.

Duke. And what reply made the priest to all this?

John. After a little humming and hawing upon the matter, he considered 'twould be his wisest way to take up his quarters that night at the old woman's; so he followed her to her house, she led him into a pretty snug warm parlour, made him a fire nose-high, then going into the yard, slew a barn-door fowl with her own hands, claped it on the spit, and, when 'twas ready, neatly dished up
with

with egg-sauce; and who so chearful as she and the priest over their supper?

Duke. 'Twas well done.

John. Resolving to give so worthy a guest the best entertainment her house afforded, after supper she presented him with a dish of nuts of her own gathering, and then thwacked his Guts with apples and ale, and was very liberal of her nutmeg and sugar. Thus they passed away the hours merrily: At last bed-time approached. Our good old landlady shewed the father the chamber he was to lie in, wished him a happy night, and departed; but being a curious woman, as most of the sex are possessed with the spirit of curiosity, she peeped through the key-hole, to see how the priest managed matters by himself.

Priest. Honest friend, you may drop your miracle here, if you please, I'll hear no more on't---

Duke. Father, your zeal has got the heels of your discretion. Upon my word, here's no trap laid for a bawdy jest; nothing, in short, but what her majesty and maids of honour may hear.

John. To her infinite surprize and admiration, she saw him jump, stark naked as ever he was born, not into the sheets, tho' they smelt most deliciously of lavender and roses, but into the blankets. Down stairs she hurries, full of grief and confusion, which would not let her wink all night; "And lord, cries she, what a wicked age is this we live in? how cold and uncharitable, when a person of such merit and learning, who has resided, too, so long in the family,

“mily, has not a shirt to put on his back? I
 “could never have thought my lord so niggard-
 “ly.” These afflicting thoughts, wholly occa-
 sioned by her zeal for religion and the professors
 of it, made that impression upon her, that she did
 not enjoy a minute’s repose that night. Early she
 gets up next morning, and measured out six ells
 of the finest flaxen linen she had, which was of
 her own spinning. Presently down comes the fa-
 ther into the parlour; she inquires of him how
 he past the night, and was ravished with joy to
 hear he had slept so well. After this, comes in a
 thundering toast, with a full tankard of humming
 stale beer. The priest and she soon ended it be-
 tween them; and now she had courage enough to
 tell him what she had observed the night before.
 Father, says she, I beg your pardon for being
 so impudent as to peep through the key-hole last
 night; and truly I was griev’d to the heart, to see
 that a gentleman of your education and great
 parts should be without a shirt: come, never blush
 for the matter, I knew ’tis so; but here are six ells
 of my best linen, which will make you two very
 good shirts, and I humbly desire you to accept
 of them.

Duke. Why, father, here’s the quintessence of
 true christianity for you.

John. Well, daughter, replies he, I accept of
 your present in good part, (for priests and lawyers
 are seldom guilty of refunding) not that I shall
 have any occasion of making use of it myself; for
 you must understand, I belong to an order which
 obliges us to wear woollen next our skin, but it
 may

may serve to make towels for the altar, and the like, and therefore I will take it with me: then ordering the good woman to kneel, he gave her his benediction, and prayed, that, whatever she began to do after he was gone, she might continue a-doing till sun-setting.

Duke. And what happened upon that?

John. Our landlady, little imagining that a miracle was entailed upon the father's blessing, very innocently fell to measure the small remainder of linnen she had left, when to her great astonishment, and that of her family, she continued in this posture till the sun was set, and got such a prodigious quantity of linen by this means, that next week she was able to buy out her lease, and is now the topping dame of the parish.

Duke. What think you now, father, of long John's story.

John. This miracle in a moment run thro' the four northern counties; every village and hamlet rung of it; nay, it crossed the Tweed, and filled the ears of the unbelieving Scots. The priest, wherever he came, was worshipped and respected like a little divinity, and the woman was magnified by all as a true pattern of primitive zeal, piety and charity, since heaven had been at the pains to reward her in so extraordinary a manner.

Priest. Honest friend, let me desire you to be as concise as you can, for, in plain truth, I am weary of your story already.

John. At the lower end of this village (where the above mentioned miraculous scene happened) lived another old woman, a catholic likewise by persuasion,

persuasion, who, hoping to gain as much by her godliness as her neighbour had done before her, looked out as sharply for the father, as a Yorkshire Attorney does for a purse-proud litigious client. At last to her mighty satisfaction she sees him go by her door; immediately she trots after him, tells him of the depth of the ways, and the great danger he run of being lost, desires him to consult his own safety, and not expose himself to those casualties which he might so reasonably expect from the badness of the ways, and the darkness of the nights. With these plausible insinuations she wheedles the priest into her house, and to secure him entirely to her interest, treats him with a shoulder of mutton and a couple of capons for supper.

Duke. She took the right course to gain her point, I must needs own? for ever while you live, father, tickle a priest and a woman by the belly, if you intend to make them yours.

John. When the table-cloth was taken away, our cunning hypocrite, who was resolved to out-do her neighbour's entertainment in her provisions; accordingly, brings in a double bottle of metheglin, fills a bumper, and begins prosperity to the catholic religion. She tells the father, that a judicious person lately told her, that a cardinal was coming from Rome, who was to make his public appearance in Cheapside, in cloth of beaten silver and gold, marry was he, and that he was to convert the whole nation, and then, father, (says she) we shall see happy times. The honest priest was so taken up with his pot and pipe, that

that he neither opposed, nor seemed to approve her discourse. In this manner they drank and prattled till the liquor found a way into their pericraniums; they could hardly see one another. The priest, unable to hold up his head any longer, desired to be conducted to the room where he was to lie that night; the old woman, with much ado, gets him up stairs, leads him to his bed, wishes him a thousand good-nights, and so leaves him with a trusty jug of ale by his bed-side, that if he waked in the night, he might have something to refresh his conscience and thirst at once.

Duke. Well said, John.

John. By that time the priest had rigged himself and was come down into the parlour, our antient matron had tossed up a nice breakfast, out of the remainder of the capons, which, being highly seasoned, proved a very effectual shoeing-horn for the other bumper. And now, with tears in her eyes, she began the same story as her neighbour had done, lamenting the horrid ingratitude of the times, that so learned and devout a man as he should want a shirt; to prevent which for the future, as far as it lay within her small capacity, she made bold to make him a small present of a dozen ells of her best linen cloth.

Priest. You'll never have done, I'm afraid.

John. The priest, who was not conjurer enough to dive into the bottom of her heart, to know whether she was guided by any mercenary by-ends, or whether her intentions were real, heartily thanked her for the noble present she had made him,

him, and folding it up under his great coat, bid her kneel down, and laying his sacerdotal fist upon her head, he gave her his blessing; and prayed, that whatever this good woman began to do after he was gone, she might continue a-doing till sun-setting.

Duke. And what fell out upon this?

John. The father was no sooner got over the threshold, but our matron, who had laid all her tackle in readiness, was going to measure the remainder of her linen; but then considering, upon second thoughts, what a large morning-draught she had taken with the priest, and being a wise prudent woman into the bargain, she thought it would be convenient to make a little water before she fell to her work. She did so, and continued in mingent circumstances from the morning till night, evacuating so plentiful a stream, that she in a manner occasioned a second deluge. In short, all the low-lands in Northumberland suffered by it; twenty-four mills, upon strict examination, were found to be overwhelmed by this sudden inundation, besides cottages and hay-ricks numberless. This old woman, conscious of her own deceit and hypocrisy, has not dared to show her head among her neighbours since this fatal accident. All true catholics rejoice at the just dispensation of heaven's favours, and so my story concludes.

Duke. Come, John, there's something to make you amends for the pains you have taken. (*John bows, and quits the room.*) Well, father, what's your opinion now of this miracle.

Priest.

Priest. Out of respect to your grace, I was content to sit out the whole story; though I guessed at first whereabouts it would end. But since your grace is pleased to demand my opinion, all I can say in the matter is, that it was contrived on purpose to make us poor suffering catholicks ridiculous to the people.

Duke. Alas! poor sufferers, in troth I pity you. However, father, I dare lay a small wager with you, that where your church has suffered once, she has made the reformed suffer a hundred times. I need not descend to particulars, every country in Europe being able to bear testimony to this truth.

Priest. I find, then, I can expect to make no profelyte of your grace.

Duke. Be assured, that neither you, nor any of your cloth will ever gain that point upon me--- I tell thee, father, frankly and freely, that were there no idolatry, nor superstition, nor cheating practised by thy church, as I am sure there is, I would have nothing to do with her, while she damns all that are not within her own pale, which is almost three parts in four of the globe. A church without charity, the distinguishing character of our religion, for all she glitters with jewels and gold, is no church for me, I promise you.

Priest. Though I have been unsuccessful in my well-meant endeavours, yet I shall always continue to pray for your grace's conversion.

Duke. As for that, do as you please, it signifies nothing; but fail not to commend me to their majesties, and tell them, that though I cannot
bring

bring myself to be of their persuasion, yet they have not a more dutiful subject in their three dominions than I am.

After a few compliments, his grace and the priest parted.

The End of the Conference.

LETTERS.

L E T T E R S.

A SHORT DISCOURSE UPON THE REASONABLENESS OF MENS HAVING A RELIGION OR WORSHIP OF GOD.

To the R E A D E R.

WHEN I began to write upon this subject, it was out of curiosity ; I had a mind to try what I could say in reason against the bold assertions of those men, who think it a witty thing to defame religion : and I have seen so few writings of late which are not very tedious, that I was desirous at least to avoid that fault in this, by making it as short as I could.

The reason why I have suffered it to be printed is, indeed, because I could not help it ; copies having been taken of it, and sent to the press, by the negligence of some to whom I lent it to read. I was as much ashamed to forbid the printing of it, as I should have been to have ordered it, or as I should be now it is printed to disown what I have written ; and therefore I have here set my name to it.

By the nature of this discourse, I was forced to conclude with an opinion which I have been long convinced,

convinced, That nothing can be more anti-christian, nor more contrary to sense and reason, than to trouble and molest our fellow christians, because they cannot be exactly of our minds in all the things relating to the worship of God.

And who will but examine what multitudes of men there are now among us of different persuasions in religion, and how inconsiderable any one part of them is, compared to the rest, must, I am confident, be convinced that the practice of it at this time would be of no advantage to the public.

If a serious consideration of the present state of this kingdom can sink deep enough into mens hearts to make them endeavour how to promote a true liberty of conscience, I shall yet hope to enjoy happy days in England; but otherwise, without pretending to be a prophet, I can easily foresee that the contrary must of necessity terminate in this, a general discontent, the dispeopling of our poor country, and the exposing it to the conquest of a foreign nation.

BUCKINGHAM.

LETTER

L E T T E R I.

ADDRESSED TO NEVIL PAINE, ESQ.

THERE is nothing that gives men a greater dissatisfaction, than to find themselves disappointed in their expectations, especially of those things, in the having or not having of which they themselves are most concerned. And therefore, all that go about to give demonstrations in matters of religion, and fail in the attempt, do not only leave men less devout than they were before, but also with great pains and industry lay in their minds the grounds and foundation of atheism; for the generality of mankind, either out of laziness, or diffidence of their being able to judge aright, in points that are not very clear, are apt rather to take things upon trust, than to give themselves the trouble to examine whether they be true or no; but, when they find what a man undertakes to give them for a demonstration is really none at all, they do not only conclude that they are deceived by him, but begin to suspect they have been ill-used by those who first imposed upon them a notion, for which perhaps no demonstration can be given, and from this suspicion they run to another of a more dangerous consequence, that what is not demonstrable, may also not be true.

I shall therefore, in this short essay, make use of another method; and content myself with endeavouring to shew, what, in my opinion, is most propable; demonstration being as to matters of

faith absolutely unnecessary, because if I can convince a man, that the notions I maintain are more likely to be true, than false, it is not in his power not to believe 'em; no man believing any thing because he has a mind to believe it, but because his judgement is convinced, and he cannot chuse but believe it whether he will or no; and belief is all that is required of us in the speculative part of religion: besides, demonstration being such an evidence of a thing as shews the contrary of it to be impossible, it is, if you mark it, a pretty whimsical kind of expression, to say, that a man does but believe a thing to be so, which he is sure cannot possibly be otherways; 'tis just as ingenious as if one should profess, that he hopes he shall but begin to have a thing to-morrow, which he is already this day in possession of, belief and faith being as entirely swallowed up in demonstration, as hope is in fruition. My design, in this essay, is to induce men to a belief of religion by the strength of reason, and therefore I am forced to lay aside all arguments which have any dependence upon the authority of scripture; and must fashion my discourse, as if I had to do with those that have no religion at all,

The first main question, upon the clearing of which I shall endeavour to ground the reasonableness of mens having a religion, or worship of God, is this: whether the world has ordered itself to be as it now is, or was contrived to be so by some other being of a more perfect, and more designing nature? for whether or no the world has been created out of nothing, is not material to our purpose; because if a supreme intelligent agent has

has framed the world to be what it is, and has made us to be what we are, we ought as much to stand in awe of it, as if it had made both us and the world out of nothing: yet because this latter question ought not to be totally passed by, I shall take the liberty to offer some conceptions of mine upon it. The chief argument used against God Almighty's having created the world is, that no man can imagine how a thing should be made out of nothing, and for that reason it is impossible he should have made the world, because there is nothing else out of which it could be made.

First, Then, I cannot chuse but observe, that to say, because we are not able to imagine how a thing should be, therefore the being of that thing must be impossible, is in itself a disingenuous way of argumentation, especially in those who at the same time declare they believe this world to be eternal, and yet are as little able to comprehend how it should be eternal, as how it should be made out of nothing.

In the next place, I conceive, that nothing can be properly said to endure any longer than it remains just the same; for in the instant any part of it is changed, that thing as it was before is no more in being. In the third place, that every part of this world we live in is changed every moment, and by consequence that this whole world is so too; because the whole is nothing else but what is composed of every part, and that therefore we cannot properly say, that this world has continued for many ages, but only that all things

Or a mo betes in

in this world have been changed for several years together.

To evade which opinion, those, who maintain the eternity of the world, are forced to say, that the matter of it is not changed, but the accidents only, tho' this be a sort of argument, which they will not allow of in others; for when it is by Papists urged, in defence of transubstantiation in the sacrament, that the accidents of the wafer remain, though the substance of it be changed, they reject that as a ridiculous notion; and yet it is not one jot more absurd to say, that the accidents remain when the matter is changed, than that the matter remains when the accidents are changed: Nay, of the two, the asserters of this latter opinion are the least excusable; because they boldly attribute it to a natural cause, whereas the Papists have the modesty, at least, to own it for a miracle.

But that the weakness of this imagination of separating accidents from bodies may the plainer appear, let us examine a little what the meaning of the word accident is. Accident then does not signify a being distinct from body or matter; but it is only a word whereby we express the several ways we consider of what we find in a body or matter that is before us: for example, if we perceive a body to have length, then we consider that length as an accident of that body, and when we perceive a body to have a smell or taste, then we consider that smell and that taste as accidents of that body: but in none of these considerations do

we

we mean, that any thing can have length, smell, or taste, but what really is a body ; and when any thing, that had a smell or taste, has left off to have a smell or taste, it is because that part of it, which had a smell or taste, is no more in it ; so that upon a nice examination of the whole matter I am apt to believe this will appear to be the case ; that there can be no changing of accidents, but where there is a real change of bodies.

But to proceed a little further, the question being, whether it be more probable, that this world, or that God Almighty has been from all eternity ? I think I may venture to affirm, that of two propositions the least probable is that which comes nearest to a contradiction ; now nothing can come nearer to a contradiction, than that the same being should be the same for ever, and yet continually changed, or not abiding the same one moment, and therefore I conclude it is less probable, that this changeable world should have been from all eternity, than that some other being of more excellence, and greater perfection should be so, whose very nature is incapable of change.

That being, out of more excellence and greater perfection, I call *God*, and those who out of a foolish aversion they have for the name of *God* will call it *nature*, do not in any kind differ from the notion of that being, but only change its name, and rather show they have a vain mistaken ambition of being thought Atheists, than that they have any reason strong enough to convince them to be so.

The next question I shall take into consideration is this, *Whether though there be a God, it is probable that he should take a more particular care of mankind than he does of beasts and other animals?* To which I have this to offer, that though there are several sorts of animals which give us occasion to imagine they have some kind of reason in them, though not to so great a perfection as men have, yet since no other animal did ever any one thing that could give us the least cause to believe they have a conception of another world, or of a Deity; and that no man was ever yet born but had a conception, or at least a suspicion of it more or less.

I say, for this reason, it is as probable in my opinion, that there is a something near a-kin to the nature of God in men than there is in any other animal whatsoever, and for that reason that God Almighty does take a more particular care of us than he does of them.

If then God be eternal, and it is probable there is something in our nature which is a-kin to the nature of God, it is also probable that that part of us never dies.

It is also probable, that what by it we are prompted most to value and esteem as the highest perfections, good qualities and virtues are parts of the essence and nature of God. Now of all good qualities or virtue it is justice which all men do most highly esteem and value in others, though they have not all the good fortune to practise it themselves. For justice is that good quality or virtue which cause all other good qualities or virtues

tues to be esteemed, in us it is that virtue, without which all other virtues become as vices, that is, they all come to be abhorred.

For he who wants justice, and has wit, judgment, or valour, will for the having wit, judgment, or valour, be the more abhorred, because the more wit, judgment, or valour he has, if he wants justice, the more he will certainly become a wicked man; and he who wants justice, and has power, will for the having power be the more abhorred, because the more power he has, if he wants justice, the more he will certainly become a wicked man; and therefore, in my opinion, it is a very unreasonable thing for men, out of a design of extolling God Almighty's power, to rob him of justice, the quality, without which even power itself must necessarily be abandoned, and pray to God Almighty than to fancy that he shall punish us for doing that which he has from all eternity predestinated, that is, compelled us to do? It is an act that I can hardly believe there ever was a man yet born cruel enough to be guilty of, even in the depth of his revenge, and shall we make that attribute of the most Perfect and most High God, which is beneath the effect of the meanest of passions in the worst of men? It is, in my opinion, more reasonable to believe that God Almighty, out of his love to mankind, has given us an eternal soul, that an eternal being and free-will are things in this nature inseparable one from the other, and that therefore, according to our actions, proceeding from our wills, God Almighty, in justice, will reward and punish us

in another world for the good and evil deeds we perform in this. I do not say that the best of our actions here are good enough to make us deserve the utmost joys of heaven; we must owe that to God Almighty's grace and favour, as, indeed, we owe all things else. Neither will I take upon me to guess at the several degrees of joys there are in heaven; our dull sense makes it impossible for a man blind to talk well of colours. Nor will I pretend to judge how long or much God Almighty will punish us hereafter, because, for the same reason, that we think him to be a God of justice, we must also conclude him to be a God of mercy. This only, I do verily believe, that the more we love him the more he will love us, and the less we love him the worse it will be for us.

Again, if this instinct or conception we have of a Deity be the ground of our religion, it ought also to be the guide of our religion, that is, if the strongest reason we have to believe, that God Almighty does take a more particular care of us than he does of other animals, is, because there is something in our natures nearer a-kin to the nature of God than any thing that is in other animals. I say, in all reason, that part of us which is nearest a-kin to the nature of God ought to be our guide and direction in chusing the best way for our religious worship of God.

There is also this other consequence, which in my opinion does naturally depend upon what has been said, That one of the greatest crimes a man can be guilty of, is to force us to act or sin against that instinct of religion which God Almighty has placed

placed in our hearts ; for if that instinct be somewhat a-kin to the nature of God, the sinning against it must be somewhat a-kin to the sin against the Holy Ghost.

If then it be probable that there is a God, and that this God will reward and punish us hereafter, for all the good and ill things which we act in this life, it does highly concern every man to examine seriously which is the best way of worshipping and serving this God, that is, which is the best religion.

Now if it be probable, that the instinct which we have within us of a Deity, be a-kin to the nature of God, that religion is probably the best whose doctrine does most recommend to us those things, which by that instinct, we are prompted to believe are virtues and good qualities ; and that I think, without exceeding the bounds of modesty, I may take upon me to affirm is the christian religion ; and for the same reason it does also follow, that the religion among christians, which does most recommend to us virtue and a good life, is in all probability the best religion. And here I must leave every man to take pains in seeking out and chusing for himself, he only being answerable to God Almighty for his own soul.

I began this discourse, as if I had to do with those who have no religion at all, and now addressing myself to christians, I hope they will not be offended at me, for ending it with the words of our Saviour, *Ask and it shall be given you, seek and you shall find, knock and it shall be opened unto you.*

I shall

I shall beg leave further, only to propose a few questions, to all those in general who are pleased to call themselves christians.

First, Whether there be any thing more directly opposite to the doctrine and practice of Jesus Christ, than to use any kind of force upon men, in matters of religion? and consequently, whether all those that practice it (let them be of what sect or church they please) ought not justly to be called Anti-christians?

Secondly, Whether there can be any thing more unmanly, more barbarous, or more ridiculous, than to go about to convince a man's judgment by any thing but by reason? It is so ridiculous, that boys at school are whipped for it, who instead of answering any argument with reason, are loggerheads enough to go to cuffs.

And *Thirdly*, Whether the practice of it has not always been ruinous and destructive to those countries where it has been used, either in monarchies or commonwealths? And whether the contrary practice has not always been successful to those countries where it has been used, either in monarchies or commonwealths?

I shall conclude, with giving them this friendly advice :---If they would be thought men of reason or of a good conscience, let them endeavour by their good council and good example, to persuade others to lead such lives as may save their souls, and not be perpetually quarrelling amongst themselves, and cutting one another's throats, about those things which they all agree are not absolutely necessary to salvation,

THE

THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM'S LETTER
TO THE UNKNOWN AUTHOR OF A PA-
PER INTITULED, "A SHORT ANSWER
" TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF BUCK-
" INGHAM'S PAPER, CONCERNING RE-
" LIGION, TOLERATION, AND LIBERTY
" OF CONSCIENCE."

My nameless, angry, harmless humble Servant,

I HAVE twice read over, with a great deal of patience, a paper of yours, which you call an answer to a discourse of mine, and to my confusion must own, that I am not able to comprehend what part of my discourse it is you do answer, nor in all yours what it is you mean: But in this you are even with me, for I perceive you do as little understand any part of what I have written, though I thought it had been done in so plain a stile, that a child of six years old might very well have done it. Yet I do not take ill from you this art you have of misunderstanding plain things, since you have done the same in his Majesty's promise to the church of England. The true meaning of which (without this misunderstanding art of yours) would easily have appeared to be, that he would not suffer any body to injure the church of England, but he has not promised that he would have the church of England persecute every body else.

Having confessed that I cannot understand your writing, you ought not to be offended at me, if I cannot

cannot remember it neither ; and yet there is one passage in it which I shall never forget, because it does in a most extraordinary manner delight me : It is this shrewd convincing argument of yours, which you say ; *Had you been to treat with atheists, you would have urged to them, that it is impossible this world should be eternal, because then it must also be invisable.* It is, I swear, a quaint kind of notion (which to do you justice) I do verily believe it is entirely your own. Yet for all this, I cannot be absolutely convinced that I am now the same George Duke of Buckingham which I was forty years ago ; and to shew you I am in earnest, I do here promise you, that if you will do for me a favour less difficult, which is to make me the same George Duke of Buckingham I was but twenty years ago, I will (as poor a man as I am) give you a thousand guineas for your pains, and that is somewhat more I am afraid than you will ever get by your writing.

You have done me the honor to call yourself my humble servant, and therefore in gratitude I shall offer you an advice, which I am confident upon second thoughts you will not find to be altogether unreasonable: That hereafter, before you take upon you to write French, you will be pleased to learn the language, for the word *opinionature*, which you are so infinitely charmed with in your paper, has the misfortune to be no French word; the true French word which I supposed you would have used, is *opiniatrete*, and yet I protest I do not see how (though you had written it right) it would have much more graced your discourse than if it had been
expressed

expressed in English. Stick therefore to your English Metaphor, at which you are admirable, and be always careful of not turning (according to your own words) the wine of hope, into the vinegar of despair, and then you cannot fail of being sufficiently applauded by every body, as you are by.

Your grateful friend,

BUCKINGHAM.

L E T T E R II.

TO MR CLIFFORD, ON HIS HUMAN REASON.

YOUR little, but valuable book I have perused with a great deal of pleasure, tho' not without some concern; for while the truth it contained afforded me a manly satisfaction, I was concerned to reflect what enemies you would raise by so honest an attempt. The world is made up, for the most part, of fools or knaves, both irreconcilable foes to truth: The first being slaves to a blind credulity, which we may properly call bigotry: The last are too jealous of that power they have usurped over the folly and ignorance of the others, which the establishment of the empire of reason would destroy. For truth, being made so plain and easy to all men, would render the designs and arts of knaves of little use in those opinions, which set the world, at odds and, by the feuds they maintain,

tain, enrich those who in a charitable peaceful world must starve.

You must expect, therefore, that the violent partisans of every side will be your professed enemies; who, tho' they all pretend to be zealous of the truth, and to aim at its triumph over error, yet not one of them are for allowing any means of our arriving at it, but by giving into their principles; for with each side all truth is nothing but their opinion: while that love and unity, which the divine love of the gospel prescribes, is the only thing they all forget, and would persuade the world out of, under the specious name of zeal for the orthodox: as if religion had its fundamentals in wrangling and obstinacy.

This has made each party such enemies to moderation and liberty of conscience, when it got to the helm; which, if once justly and firmly established, would open the door to that peace which the gospel was bestowed on us to introduce into the world. Lucretius, from his reflexion on the sacrificing of Iphigenia, for a wind at Aulis, forms his celebrated Ephiphonema, *Tantum religio potuit suadere malorum*. But what would he have said, if he had lived after the establishment of the christian religion? Since the heats and animosities betwixt the Arians and orthodox; the several opinions that started up amongst them? When once the heathen folly was sunk and removed, power soon debauched the principle, which Christ gave us the characteristic of his disciples, *the love of one another*. If he had seen how many millions of men lost their lives in the con-

tests about the supremacy of the popes; and the quarrels betwixt the emperors and the bishops of Rome; or the one and twenty millions destroyed by the Spaniards in the reduction of the West-Indies, who thought, in the spreading their religion in those parts, the maxim of Mahomet preferable to that of Christ, when they preferred the power of the sword to that of the gospel, when they knocked so many millions on the head, rather than be at the trouble of converting them. If he had known the noble methods of the inquisition of the Romanists, and the penal laws of the reformed, by which in our nation alone, in a few years, threescore thousand families were ruined, he would have been no longer amazed at the sacrificing one poor green-sickness girl.

But when the reformers had cast off the unsufferable bondage of Rome, and rescued the gospel from the impositions and impostures of that church, one would have imagined they should have cast away that odious maxim of confining, and imposing on the consciences of those they had set free; and never have dreamed of persecuting them for making use of that liberty they had pretended to establish, by requiring an implicit faith in them and their doctrines, when they would not allow it to those of the church they had forsaken for her errors and tyranny. For to me it is very unaccountable, that they should pretend to tell us, that we should now freely consult the word of God, and, at the same time, deny us to understand it for ourselves; since that is but to fool us with the name of liberty, without letting us possess

possess the thing, and we might as well have continued under our old masters, as be slaves to new lords. And this I believe has stopped the progress of the reformation. For when the first heat once was over, and considering men began to reflect, that the reformation offered nothing but words, that it gave no entire freedom to consciences and inquiries, they saw no satisfactory motive of quitting their old Mumfimus for a new Summus, and could find no real advantage in withdrawing from father Peter, to father Martin and father John; since, though these disclaimed the infallibility the other usurped, yet they still, without that guard, demanded our belief of their doctrines, though not less absurd and ridiculous.

There is no way, indeed, left to make the reformation flourish, but its espousing sincerely a *true and perfect liberty of conscience*; that is, that it make the empire of reason sacred, and not to be invaded by any party. But till this be effected, your book will be attacked on all hands by men that are so little friends to God and human kind, that they are for destroying the very distinction betwixt man and beast, that is, Reason; as if the God of Man and Reason could make it essential to religion, to make us cease to be men.

For my part, I hope I am as good a christian as any of these fiery gentlemen, and yet, from my perusal of the bible, I can find no ground for so monstrous a principle; nay, on the contrary, I can find no way of confuting the enemies of religion, the papists and atheists, but by reason, and the interpretation of scripture by that infallible guide. I call it an infallible guide, because

without its help we must continually wander in the dark after the *ignis fatuus* of every opinion, that can quote texts or authority for its orthodoxy. But, when we consult that, all disputes soon cease, and truth soon shines out as bright as the noon-day sun.

Most, if not all religious sects, tell us, that a true faith is necessary to salvation, and yet they allow us no certain means of arriving at that true faith. Now, it is contradictory to the very essence and being of a God, that he should require a true faith of us, and yet leave us no way to arrive at it, nor any marks of the true faith, which must inevitably be, unless you permit us the free and uncontrouled use of our reason; and that indeed will easily and soon, through the New-Testament, lead us to the certain meaning of Christ and his Apostles.

From what I have said, you will find, that it is my opinion that you have done a noble service to religion, in asserting the empire of reason, and you have this comfort, that all those, who have any esteem for the noblest of God's handy-works, man, and any veneration for the wisdom, veracity, and justice of God, will be your friends. And then I need not describe the quality, and nature of your future antagonists. Nor have you in reality any cause to be alarmed at what they shall say. You have too much sense to value the censure of fools, and too much honesty to fear the rage of knaves; else you could never have so near a place in the love of, yours,

BUCKINGHAM.

VOL. II.

P

LET-

L E T T E R III.

TO SIR HENRY THOMPSON.

A PERSUASIVE FROM HIS STANDING AGAINST
THE LORD TREASURER'S SON FOR BURGESS
OF YORK.

S I R,

HAVING promised to be your friend, I cannot but think myself obliged to be always very much concerned for you, and therefore I hope you will not take it ill, if I adventure to give you my advice, as often as I think it may be for your service: The noise of the dispute between you and my lord treasurer's son, about the being chosen burgesses for the town of York, made me tell my lord treasurer the other day, that I thought he might make you the compliment of not letting his son stand in competition with you, considering how earnest you have been in the election of his lordship to the same burgess-ship before; upon which he shewed me a letter you wrote to him, wherein you owned yourself to be very sorry for having been forced to accept of it, by some aldermen of the town of York, and that you heartily wished to be disengaged from it by them. The only thing he seems to take ill of you is, that you would so hastily enter into this business, without giving him any notice of it; protesting withal, that, if you had, he would never have made the least

least mention of his son in the case. And as to that point, I confess I did not well know what to answer, since it was but a civility due to any gentleman in England of the least quality whatsoever. How far you are engaged in this I cannot tell; but, let it be as far as it will, if I were in your place, I should not think the being chosen at this time worth the disobliging so considerable a friend as my lord treasurer is. In short, if this contest goes on, it will breed an irreconcilable quarrel between you; and I cannot for my life think that would be for your advantage, at least I am sure it would be very disagreeable news to,

S I R,

You most affectionate friend,
and humble servant.

At the Cockpit,
Sept. 4. 1763.

BUCKINGHAM.

L E T T E R I.

TO THE LORD MAYOR AND ALDERMEN
OF THE CITY OF YORK.

TO PERSUADE THEM TO CHUSE THE LORD TREASURER'S SON FOR ONE OF THEIR BURGESSES.

My Lord, and Gentlemen,

UPON the answer of a letter I writ to Sir Henry Thompson, wherein I^a advised him to put a compliment upon my lord treasurer in not opposing his son's election to the burges^s-ship

of the town of York, I am forced to address myself to your lordship and your brethren, because he tells me, he would be very willing to give over this contest, if your lordship and the aldermen would give him leave to do it. I know not for what reasons you have resolved (as Sir Henry Thompson has informed me) to chuse none hereafter to serve you in parliament, that are not of your own corporation; but methinks, considering the zeal my lord treasurer has had for your service, and how much it may be now in his power to shew it, you ought not to begin at this time to put that rule into practice, since it would look, as if you did it because he had deserved you in that employment. I am sure no man can be more passionately zealous for the good of the town of York than he is, of which I could give you some late unquestionable demonstrations, but that it does not become me to speak of it, because I am concerned in it myself. This at least deserves, that you should not put an affront upon him, which under favour it would be, if you should refuse to let his son serve in his stead, since perhaps he is the first man of his quality who was ever denied that kindness, upon a removal out of the house of commons, into the house of peers. I come now to my own part; I am sure I have never deserved your unkindness, and if you have any consideration of me, I desire you to shew it, in not putting neglect upon my lord treasurer, since by it you would lay an eternal disobligation upon,

My lord, and gentlemen,

Your most affectionate,

And humble servant,

BUCKINGHAM.

L E T T E R V.

TO SIR HENRY THOMPSON,

ABOUT BUYING A HOUSE AND GARDENS.

SIR,

Wothrop, Dec. 1.

I Have received your letter concerning the house and gardens near my Lord Fairfax's house in York, and though what is asked for them be perhaps more than they are worth, I shall not stick at the price, so I be assured of the convenience of having the little back way behind the house stopped up, without which I confess I do not well know how I shall be able to live there. I do therefore desire you to send me word positively, whether it may be done or no; and how far the circumstance of its being called the king's highway makes it necessary for me to have some grant of it of his Majesty, that I may get it done when I am at Oxford, which will be in a few days, where I shall not fail to release Captain Mountjoy, if he be not freed before I come. I am so little able to make compliments to those I love, and I love you so much, that I shall use none to you, only in plain English, like an honest country gentleman, I shall assure you that I am, with all my heart,

Your most affectionate friend and servant,

BUCKINGHAM.

L E T T E R VI.

TO THE SAME.

ABOUT AN OBLIGING ORDER OF THE LORD MAYOR
AND CITY OF YORK IN HIS FAVOUR, AND
OTHER THINGS.

S I R,

Jan. 2d, 1665.

I Cannot exprefs to you, how extremely I am pleased at the order I received from my Lord Mayor and the city of York, concerning the lane behind my house; and though the convenience I shall receive by it be very great, yet I assure you the demonstration it gives me of their kindness is that in it which I value, and esteem most. When your letter came to me, I, being upon my remove to Oxford, thought it best to defer the sending you an answer till my arrival there, in hopes that I might, at the same time, send you some good news of what the city of York has so often recommended to me, and which I shall industriously labour for, whether I be concerned in it or no: but meeting with the Duke of Monmouth and my Lord Arlington upon the way, they perswaded me to come with them to my Lord Croft's house, a few miles distant from this place; so that I am forced to desire you to make my excuse to my Lord Mayor, for not writing to him sooner: I have appointed Jackson, my Bailiff at Honsly, to wait upon you, and receive your directions for the drawing such a paper, as will be requisite

quisite for finishing that favour which the city of York are resolved to do me. As for the little house and gardens on the other side of the lane, I shall not meddle with them at present, since they are held at so high a rate; but I desire you to conclude a bargain immediately for the other house on the left-hand, as you come in, and for the close that belongs to it, on the other side of the land, where I intend to have my stables, and I shall immediately provide the money. I hope I need not tell you that I love you, I should be very unworthy if I were not from the bottom of my heart,

S I R,

Your most trusty, affectionate servant,

BUCKINGHAM.

L E T T E R VII.

TO THE SAME.

A LETTER OF RECOMMENDATION.

S I R,

London, March 8.

THE bearer came up to town about a business he will acquaint you with; if there be any probability, that the man's intelligence at York be true, I shall do what he desires; but I would not be engaged upon a foolish thing, and therefore I desire you to examine the man for me. He is a prisoner

now at York, and his name is Laffels, of which this bearer will give you an account. I am,

Your most affectionate friend and servant,

BUCKINGHAM.

L E T T E R VIII.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE EARL OF AR-
LINGTON, PRINCIPAL SECRETARY OF STATE
TO HIS MAJESTY.

*[Written by his Grace when he was Ambassador at
the Court of France.]*

MY LORD,

St. Germain's, August 15, 1670.

IF I had had the good fortune to bring my Lord Faulconbridge's secretary with me, he would have entertained your lordship with a whole sheet of paper full of the particulars of my reception here; for, I have had more honours done me, than ever were given to any subject. You will receive, in two or three days, a proposition from this court, concerning the making war upon Holland only, which you may enlarge as you please. *Monsieur de Lionne* shewed me the model of it last night, and I shall see the particulars before they are sent.

In the mean time, having not your cypher, I shall only tell you in general, that nothing but our being mealy-mouthed can hinder us from finding our accounts in this matter: for you may al-
most

most ask what you please. I have written more at large in cypher to my lord Ashley, and when you have discoursed together, if you think my stay here will be of use to his Majesty, let me know it; if not, I will come away. I am,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's most humble

And most faithful servant,

BUCKINGHAM,

L E T T E R IX,

TO THE SAME.

MY LORD,

St. Germain's, August 17.

I Have nothing to add to what I writ last, but that I am every day convinced of the happy conjuncture we have at present in our hands, of any conditions from this court, that we can in reason demand. The King of France is so mightily taken with the discourses I make to him of his greatness by land, that he talks to me twenty times a-day; all the courtiers here wonder at it, and I am very glad of it, and am very much,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's most humble

And most faithful servant,

BUCKINGHAM.

LET.

L E T T E R X.

TO THE LORD BERKLEY.

MY LORD,

I Must needs beg your lordship's excuse, for not waiting upon you next Sunday at dinner, for two reasons; the first is, because Mrs. ----- refuses to hear me preach; which I take to be a kind of a slur upon so learned a divine as I am: the other, that Sir Robert G----- is to go into the country upon Monday, and has desired me to stay within to-morrow, about signing some papers, which must be dispatched, for the clearing so much of my estate, as (in spite of my own negligence, and the extraordinary perquisites I have received from the court) is yet left me. I'm sure your Lordship is too much my friend, not to give me leave to look after my temporal affairs, if you but consider how little I am like to get by my spirituality, except Mrs. B----- be very much in the wrong: pray tell her, I am resolved hereafter never to swear by any other but by *Jo. Ash; and if that be a sin, it's as odd a one as ever she heard of. I am,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's most humble,

And most faithful servant,

BUCKINGHAM.

* A box-keeper of the play-house.

SPEECHES

S P E E C H E S

I N

P A R L I A M E N T.

The Duke's Speech in a Conference between the Houses of Lords and Commons, concerning a Dispute between the East-India Company and Mr. Skinner, 1668.

Gentlemen of the House of Commons,

I Am commanded by the House of Peers to open to you the matter of this conference; which is a task I could wish their Lordships had laid upon any body else, both for their own sakes and mine: having observed in the little experience I have made in the world, that there can be nothing of greater difficulty than to unite men in their opinions whose interest seems to disagree. This, gentlemen, I fear is at present our case; but yet I hope, when we have a little better considered of it, we shall find, that a greater interest does oblige us, at this time, rather to join in preservation of both our privileges, than to differ about the violation of either. We acknowledge it is our interest to defend the right of the commons; for should we suffer them to be oppress'd, it would not be long before it might come to be our own case; and I humbly conceive it will also appear to be the interest of the commons to uphold the privilege of the lords, that so we may be in a condition to stand
by

by and support them. All that their lordships desire of you on this occasion is, that you will proceed with them as usually friends do when they are in dispute one with another ; that you will not be impatient of hearing arguments urged against your opinions, but examine the weight of what is said, and then impartially consider, which of us two are the likeliest to be in the wrong. If we are in the wrong, we and our predecessors have been in the wrong these many hundred years ; and not only our predecessors, but yours too : this being the first time that ever an appeal was made, in point of judicature, from the Lords house to the house of Commons. Nay, those very Commons that turned the Lords out of this house, though they took from them many other of their privileges, yet left them the constant practice of this till the very last day of their sitting. And this will be made appear by several precedents these noble Lords will lay before you, much better than I can pretend to do. Since this business has been in agitation, their Lordships have been a little more curious than ordinary, to inform themselves of the true nature of these matters now in question before us ; which I shall endeavour to explain to you as far as my small ability, and my aversion to hard words, will give me leave. For howsoever the law, to make it a mystery and a trade, may be wrapt up in terms of art, yet it is founded upon reason, and is obvious to common sense. The power of judicature does naturally descend, and not ascend ; that is, no inferior court can have any power which is not derived to
it

it from some power above it. The king is, by the laws of this land, supreme judge in all causes ecclesiastical and civil. And so there is no court, high or low, can act but in subordination to him; and though they do not all issue out their writs in the king's name, yet they can issue out none but by virtue of some power they have received from him. Now every particular court has such a particular power as the king has given it, and for that reason has its bounds: but the highest court in which the king can possibly sit, that is, his supreme court of lords in parliament, has in it all judicial power, and consequently no bounds: I mean no bounds of jurisdiction; for the highest court is to govern according to the laws, as well as the lowest. I suppose none will make a question; but that every man and every cause is to be tried according to Magna Charta, that is, by his peers, or according to the laws of the land: and he that is tried by the ecclesiastical courts, the court of admiralty, or the high court of lords in parliament, is tried as much by the laws of the land, as he that is tried by the king's-bench or common-pleas. When these inferior courts happen to wrangle among themselves, which they must often do, by reason of their being bound up to particular causes, and their having all equally and earnestly a desire to try all causes themselves, then the supreme court is forced to hear their complaints, because there is no other way of deciding them. And this, under favour, is an original cause of courts, though not of men. Now these original causes of courts must also of necessity induce men, for saving of charges,

charges, and for dispatch sake, to bring their causes originally before the supreme court: but then the court is not obliged to receive them, but proceeds by rules of prudence, in either retaining or dismissing them, as they think fit. This is, under favour, the sum of all that your precedents can shew us; which is nothing but what we practise every day; that is, that very often, because we would not be molested with hearing too many particular causes, we refer them back again to other courts: and all the arguments you can possibly draw from hence, will not in any kind lessen our power, but only shew an unwillingness we have to trouble ourselves often with matters of this nature. Nor will this appear strange, if you consider the constitution of our house, it being made up, partly of such, whose employments will not give them leisure to attend the hearing of private causes; and entirely of those that can receive no profit by it. And the truth is, the dispute at present is not between the house of lords and the house of commons, but between us and Westminster-hall: for, as we desire to have few or no causes brought before us, because we get nothing by them, so they desire to have all causes brought before them, for a reason a little of the contrary nature. For this very reason it is their business to invent new ways of drawing causes to their courts, which ought not to be pleaded there. As for example, this very cause of Skinner, that is now before us, (and I do not speak this by rote, for I have the opinion of a reverend judge in the case, who informed us of it the other day in the house)

house) they have no way of bringing this cause into Westminster-hall, but by the following form, the reason and sense of which I leave you to judge of; the form is this: That, instead of speaking, as we ordinary men do that have no art, that Mr. Skinner lost a ship in the East-Indies, to bring this into their courts, they must say, " Mr. Skinner " lost a ship in the East-Indies, in the parish of " Islington, in the county of Middlesex." Now some of us lords, that did not understand the refinedness of this stile, began to examine what the reason of this should be; and so we found, that since they ought not by right to try such causes, they are resolved to make bold not only with our privileges, but the very sense and language of the whole nation. This I thought fit to mention, only to let you see, that this whole cause, as well as many others, could not be tried properly in any place but at our bar; except Mr. Skinner should take a fancy to try the right of jurisdiction between Westminster-hall and the court of admiralty, instead of seeking relief for the injuries he had received in the place only where it was to be given him. One thing I hear is much insisted upon, which is, the trial without juries; to which I could answer, That such trials are allowed of in the chancery and other courts; and that when there is occasion for them, we make use of juries too, both by directing them in the king's-bench, and having them brought up to our bar. But I shall only crave leave to put you in mind, that if you do not allow us, in some cases, to try men without juries, you will then absolutely take away

the use of impeachments, which I humbly conceive you will not think proper to have done at this time.

THE DUKE'S SPEECH IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS,

Upon occasion of some Questions proposed by them to his Grace, together with his Reply thereunto, in Relation to several Mismanagements of State Affairs, by Advice of some of the Ministry, January the 14th, 1673-4.

[The Duke being called into the House, after having given his Respects to the Speaker, and of each Hand, and behind him, expresses himself in these Words :

MR. SPEAKER,

I GIVE the house my humble thanks for the honour you have twice done me, especially expressing myself so ill yesterday. I hope you will consider the condition I am in, in danger of passing in the censure of the world for a vicious person, and a betrayer of my country : I have ever had the misfortune to bear the blame of other men's faults. I know the revealing the king's councils, and corresponding with the king's enemies, are laid against me ; but I hope for your pardon if I speak truth for myself. I told you yesterday, if the triple league had any advantage in it (I speak
it

it without vanity) I had as great a hand in it as any man. Then upon the instance of the French ambassador, I was sent into France upon the sad subject of condoling the death of madam, where I urged, for the service of the king, that the French ought not to endeavour to make themselves considerable at sea, of whom we had reason to be more jealous than of the Dutch; because the French then would have power to conquer us. When I returned, I found all demonstrations that the French had no such thoughts, but that the king of England should be master at sea. I do not pretend to judge whether I or other men were in the right, I leave the judgment of that to this honourable house. At this time my lord Shaftsbury and myself advised not to begin a war without the advice of the parliament and the affections of the people, (for I look upon the king at the head of his parliament, to be the greatest prince in the world;) this was my lord Shaftsbury's opinion and mine, but not my lord Arlington's. My next advice was, not to make use of French ships; half their value in money would have been more serviceable. I alleged they would be of no use to us, by reason of their want of experience in our seas, and there would be great danger in their learning the use of them; which advice my lord Arlington opposed, notwithstanding the king was so desirous of avoiding a breach with France, that he sent me to Dunkirk, and my lord Arlington to Utrecht, where I still endeavoured to get money instead of ships. At my first audience, the king of France was willing to comply; but, after some returns and letters

from hence, he was altered; but I make no reflexions upon persons, but barely state matters of fact. Then it was my lord Shaftsbury's advice and mine, so to order the war, as that the French should deliver us some towns of their conquests into our hands: an useful precaution in former times. My lord Arlington would have no towns at all for one year. And here is the cause of the condition of our affairs. We set out a fleet with intention to land men in order to the taking of towns. The French army go on conquering, and get all, and we get nothing, nor agree for any. Pray consider who it was that was so often locked up with the French Ambassador. My spirit moves me to tell you, that, when we were to consider what to do, we were to advise with the French ambassador. I will not trouble you with reports, but pray look not upon me as a peer, but an honest English gentleman, who has suffered much for my love to my country. I had a regiment given me, which was Sir Edward Scot's; I gave him 1600*l.* for it: there is no popish officer in it, nor Irishman. I shall say nothing of my extraordinary gains, I am sure I have lost as much estate as some men have gotten; (and that is a big word;) I am honest, and when I appear otherways, I desire to die. I am not the man that has gotten by all this; yet after all this I am a grievance: I am the cheapest grievance this house ever had; and so I humbly ask the pardon of the house for the trouble I have given.

The speaker then proceeded to ask the Duke the following questions, by order of the house.

Question

Question I. proposed to the Duke.

Whether any persons declared to your grace any ill advices against the liberties and privileges of this house, or to alter the government, who they were, and what they advised?

Ans. There is an old proverb, Mr. Speaker, *over boots over shoes*. This reflects upon one that is not now living, and so I desire pardon for not saying any thing farther, fearing it may be thought a malicious invention of mine, the person being dead. I have said nothing yet but what I can justify, but this I cannot.

Ques. II. *Some words fell from your grace yesterday, wherein you were pleased to say some had gotten 3, 4, 500,000 l. The house would know who they were, and by what means they had gotten such sums.*

Ans. I am not well acquainted by what means they got so much, being not at all acquainted with the ways of getting money. What the duke of Ormond has got is upon record, being about 500,000 l. my lord Arlington has not got so much, he has got a great deal.

Ques. III. *By whose advice was the army raised, and Monsieur Schomberg made General?*

Ans. I cannot say by whose advice, but, upon my honour, not by mine. I was told by a man that is dead, that my lord Arlington sent for him, and it will be easily proved.

Ques. IV. *By whose advice was this army brought up to awe the debates and resolutions of the House of commons?*

Ans.

Ans. I must make to this the same answer as I did before; it was a discourse from a man dead of one now living. If I had deserved the honour, I think I might have had the command of that army before him; but Schomberg was told, my lord Arlington would have the government by an army.

Quæst. V. Who made the French league?

Ans. My lord Arlington and myself were only employed to treat, and finding the danger we were in of being cheated, we pressed the ambassadors to sign before they had power; and though it was an odd request, yet they did sign.

Quæst. VI. Who made the first treaty with France, by which the triple alliance was broken?

Ans. I made that treaty.

Quæst. VII. By whose advice was the Exchequer shut up, and the order of payment there broken.

Ans. I was not the adviser; I am sure I lost 3000 l. by it.

Quæst. VIII. Who advised the declaration in matter of religion?

Ans. I do not disown that I advised it; being always of opinion, that something was to be done of that nature in matters of conscience, but no farther than the king might do by law.

Quæst. IX. Who advised the attacking the Smyrna fleet before the war was proclaimed?

Ans. It was my lord Arlington's advice, I was utterly against it, as careful of the honour of the nation, and incurred some anger by it. My lord Arlington principally moved it, and I might say more.

Quæst,

Quæf. X. By whose advice was the second treaty at Utrecht ?

Ans. My lord Arlington and I were sent over, and I found in Holland the greatest consternation imaginable, like the burning of the rump in England, the people crying, God bless the king of England, and cursing the States; and had we then landed, we might have conquered the country. The prince of Orange would have had the same share in the peace with France that we had; but, though the king's nephew, I thought he must be kind to his own country; if we had made a peace then, we had been in a worse condition than before; and lastly, the prince of Orange hoped for a good peace with us upon that treaty; but I would never consent that France must have all and we nothing. The consequence would be that Holland must intirely depend upon France, and I think it a wise article, that the French were not to make peace without us.

Quæf. XI. By what counsel was the war begun without the parliament, and thereupon the parliament prorogued?

Ans. My lord Shaftsbury and I were for advising with the parliament, and averse to the prorogation. I can say nothing, but I believe the parliament will never be against a war for the good of England.

Then the debate followed.

THE DUKE'S SPEECH IN THE HOUSE OF
LORDS, 16th NOVEMBER 1765, FOR LI-
BERTY OF CONSCIENCE.

MY LORDS,

THERE is a thing called liberty, which (what-
ever some men may think) is what the people of
England are fondest of, it is what they will never
part with, and it is what his majesty, in his
speech, has promised us to take a particular
care of. This, my Lords, in my opinion, can
never be done without giving an indulgence to
all Protestant dissenters. It is certainly a very
uneasy kind of life to any man, that has either
christian charity, humanity, or good nature, to
see his fellow-subjects daily abused, divested of
their liberties and birth-rights, and miserably
thrown out of their possessions and free-holds, only
because they cannot agree with others, in some
opinions and niceties of religion, which their con-
sciences will not give them leave to consent to;
and which even by the confession of those who
would impose them upon them, are no ways ne-
cessary to salvation. Buts my Lords, besides this,
and all that may be said upon it, in order to the
improvement of our trade, and increase of the
wealth, strength, and greatness of this nation,
(which, under favour, I shall presume to discourse
of some other time) there is, methinks, in this
notion of persecution a very gross mistake, both
as to the point of government, and the point of re-
ligion

ligion. There is so, as to the point of government, because it makes every man's safety depend on the wrong place, not upon governors, or a man's living well towards the civil government established by law, but upon his being transported with zeal for every opinion that is held by those who have power in the church then in fashion; and it is, I conceive, a mistake in religion, because it is positively against the express doctrine and example of Jesus Christ. Nay, my Lords, as to our protestant religion there is something in yet worse; for we protestants maintain, that none of those opinions which christians differ about are infallible; and therefore it is in us a somewhat inexcusable conception, that men ought to be deprived of their inheritance, and all the certain conveniencies and advantages of life, because they will not agree with us in our uncertain opinions of religion. My humble motion therefore to your lordships is, that you would give me leave to bring in a bill of indulgence to all dissenting protestants. I know very well, that every peer of this realm has a right to bring into parliament any bill he conceives to be useful to this nation; but I thought it more respectful to your lordships to ask your leave for it before. I cannot think the doing of it will be of any prejudice to the bill, because I am confident the reason, the prudence, and the charitableness of it will be able to justify itself to his house and the whole world.

THE

THE DUKE'S SPEECH IN THE HOUSE OF
LORDS, TO PROVE THE PARLIAMENT
DISSOLVED.

MY LORDS,

I Have often troubled your Lordships with my discourse in this house; but I confess I never did it with more trouble to myself than I do at this time; for I scarce know where I should begin, or what I have to say to your Lordships: on the one side, I am afraid of being thought an unquiet and pragmatistical man; for in this age, every man that cannot bear every thing is called unquiet; and he that does ask questions, for which we ought to be concerned, is looked upon as pragmatistical. On the other side, I am more afraid of being thought a dishonest man; and of all men, I am most afraid of being thought so by myself; for every one is the best judge of the integrity of his own intentions; and tho' it does not always follow, that he is pragmatistical whom others take to be so; yet this never fails to be true, that he is most certainly a knave, who takes himself to be so. No body is answerable for more understanding than God Almighty has given him; and therefore, tho' I should be in the wrong, if I tell your Lordships truly and plainly what I am really convinced of, I shall behave myself like an honest man; for it is my duty, as long as I have the honour to sit in this House, to hide nothing from your lordships, which I think may concern his Majesty's service, your Lordships
interest,

interest, or the good and quiet of the people of England.

The question, in my opinion, which now lies before your Lordships, is not what we are to do, but whether at this time we can do any thing as a Parliament, it being very clear to me, that the Parliament is dissolved: and if in this opinion I have the misfortune to be mistaken, I have another misfortune joined to it, for I desire to maintain the argument with all the lawyers in England, and leave it afterwards to your Lordships to decide, whether I am in the right or no. This, my Lords, I speak not out of arrogance, but in my own justification; because if I were not thoroughly convinced, that what I have now to urge is grounded upon the fundamental laws of England, and that the not pressing it at this time, might prove to be of a most dangerous consequence, both to his Majesty and the whole nation, I should have been loth to start a notion, which perhaps may not be very agreeable to some people. And yet, my Lords, when I consider where I am, whom I now speak to, and what was spoken in this place about the time of the last prorogation, I can hardly believe what I have to say will be distasteful to your Lordships.

I remember very well, how your Lordships were then displeased with the House of Commons, and I remember too as well, what reasons they gave you to be so. It is not so long since, but that I suppose your Lordships may call to mind, that, after several odd passages between us, your Lordships were so incensed, that a motion was
made

made here for an address to his Majesty about the dissolution of this Parliament; and though it failed of being carried in the affirmative by two or three voices, yet this in the debate was remarkable, that it prevailed much with the major part of your lordships that were here present, and was only overpowered by the proxies of those Lords who never heard the arguments. What change there has been since, either in their behaviour, or in the state of our affairs, that should make your Lordships change your opinion, I have not yet heard. And therefore if I can make it appear (as I presume I shall) that by law the parliament is dissolved, I presume your Lordships ought not to be offended at me for it.

I have often wondered how it should come to pass, that this House of Commons, in which there are so many honest, and so many worthy gentlemen, should yet be less respectful to your Lordships, as certainly they have been, than any House of Commons that were ever chosen in England; and yet if the matter be a little enquired into, the reason of it will plainly appear. For, my Lords, the very nature of the House of Commons is changed: they do not think now that they are an assembly that are to return to their own homes, and become private men again (as by the laws of the land, and the ancient constitution of parliaments they ought to be) but they look upon themselves as a standing senate, and as a number of men pick'd out to be legislators for the rest of their lives. And if that be the case, my Lords, they have reason to believe themselves our equals. But, my
Lords,

Lords, it is a dangerous thing to try new experiments in a government: men do not foresee the ill consequences that must happen, when they go about to alter those essential parts of it upon which the whole frame depends, as now in our case, the customs and constitutions of parliament: for all governments are artificial things, and every part of them has a dependance one upon another. And it is with them as with clocks and watches, if you should put great wheels in place of little ones, and little ones in the place of great ones, all the movement would stand still: so that we cannot alter any one part of a government without prejudicing the motions of the whole.

If this, my Lords, were well considered, people would be more cautious, how they went out of the old, honest, English way and method of proceeding. But it is not my business to find fault, and therefore if your Lordships will give me leave, I shall go on to shew you, why in my opinion we are at this time no parliament. The ground of this opinion of mine is taken from the ancient and unquestionable statutes of this realm; and give me leave to tell your Lordships, by the way, that statutes are not like women, for they are not one jot the worse for being old. The first statute that I shall take notice of, is that in the 4th year of Edward III. chap 14. thus set down in the printed book: "Item, it is accorded, that a parliament shall be holden every year once, and more often, if need be. Now tho' these words are as plain as a pike-staff, and no man living, that is not a scholar, could possibly mistake the meaning of them

them, yet the grammarians of those days did make a shift to explain, that the words, if need be, did relate as well to the words every year once, as to the words more often; and so, by this grammatical whimsey of theirs, have made this statute to signify just nothing at all. For this reason, my Lords, in the 36th year of the same king's reign, a new act of parliament was made, in which those unfortunate words, if need be, are left out and that act of parliament relating to Magna Charta and other statutes, made for the publick good.

“ Item, For maintenance of these articles and statutes, and the redress of divers mischiefs and grievances, which daily happen, a parliament shall be holden every year; as at other time was ordained by another statute.” Here now, my Lords, there is not left the least colour or shadow for any mistake; for it is plainly declared, that the kings of England must call a parliament once within a year; and the reasons why we are bound to do so, are plainly set down, namely,

“ For the maintenance of Magna Charta, and other statutes of the same importance, and for preventing the mischiefs and grievances which daily happen.”

The question then remaineth, Whether these statutes have been since repealed by any other statutes or no? The only statutes I ever heard mentioned for that, are the two triennial bills, the one made in the last King's, and the other in this King's reign. The triennial bill in the last King's reign was made for the confirmation of the two above-mentioned statutes of Edward III. For Parliaments having been omitted to be called every

2

year

year according to those statutes, a statute was made in the last King's reign, to this purpose; " That if the King should fail of calling a Parliament, according to these statutes of Edward III. then, the third year the people should meet of themselves without any writs at all, and choose their Parliament-men." This way of the people choosing Parliament-men of themselves being thought disrespectful to the King, a statute was made in this last Parliament, which repealed the triennial bill; and after the repealing clause (which took notice only of the triennial bill made in the last King's reign,) there was in this statute a paragraph to this purpose: " That because by the ancient statutes of this realm, made in the reign of Edward III. Parliaments are to be held very often, it should be enacted, that within three years after the determination of that present Parliament, Parliaments should not be discontinued above three years at most, and should be holden oftener if need required." There have been several half kind of arguments drawn out of these triennial bills against the statutes of Edward III. which I confess I could never remember, nor indeed those that urged them to me ever durst own: for they always laid their faults upon somebody else, like ugly foolish children, whom, because of their deformity and want of wit, the parents are ashamed of, and so turn them out on the parish.

But, my Lords, let the arguments be what they will, I have this short answer to all that can be wrested out of these triennial bills, " That the first triennial bill was repealed before the mat-
ter

“ter now disputed of was in question, and the
 “last triennial bill will not be in force till the
 “question be decided, that is, till the parliament
 “is dissolved.” The whole matter, my Lords,
 is reduced to this short dilemma; either the kings
 of England are bound by the acts above-mentioned
 of Edward III. or else the whole government of
 England by Parliaments, and by the law above,
 is absolutely at an end: for if the kings of Eng-
 land have power, by an order of theirs, to invali-
 date an act made for the maintenance of Magna
 Charta, they have also power, by an order of theirs,
 to invalidate Magna Charta itself; and if they have
 power, by an order of theirs, to invalidate the sta-
 tute itself, *De Tallagio non concedendo*; then they
 may not only, without the help of a parliament,
 raise money when they please; but also take away
 any man’s estate when they please, and deprive
 every one of his liberty or life as they please.

This, my Lords, I think is a power that no
 judge nor lawyer will pretend the kings of Eng-
 land have; and yet this power must be allowed
 them, or else we that are met here this day can-
 not act as a parliament. For we are now met by
 virtue of the last prorogation, and that proro-
 gation is an order of the King’s, point-blank, contrary
 to the two acts of Edward III. For the acts say,
 “That a Parliament shall be holden once within
 “a year; and the prorogation saith, a parliament
 “shall not be held within a year, but some
 “months after;” and this (I conceive) is a plain
 contradiction, and consequently that the proro-
 gation is void. Now, if we cannot act as a parlia-
 ment,

ment, by virtue of the last prorogation, I beseech your Lordships, by virtue of what else can we act? Shall we act by virtue of the king's proclamation? Pray, my Lords, how so? Is a proclamation of more force than a prorogation? Or if a thing that hath been ordered the first time be not valid, doth the ordering it the second time make it good in law? I have heard indeed, that two negatives make an affirmative; but I never heard before that two nothings ever made any thing.

Well, but how then are we met? Is it by our own adjournment? I suppose no body has the confidence to say that: Which way then is it? Do we meet by accident? That I think may be granted; but an accidental meeting can no more make a parliament, than an accidental clapping a crown upon a man's head can make a king. There is a great deal of ceremony required to give a matter of that moment a legal sanction. The laws have reposed so great a trust, and so great a power in the hands of a parliament, that every circumstance relating to the manner of their electing, meeting and proceeding, is looked after with the nicest circumspection imaginable. For this reason, the king's writs, about the summons of parliament, are to be issued out *verbatim*, according to the form prescribed by the law, or else that parliament is void and null. For the same reason, if a parliament, summoned by the King's writ, do not meet the very same day that it is summoned to meet upon, that parliament is void and null: and, by the same reason, if parliaments be not legally adjourned, *de die in diem*, those parliaments must be also void and null.

Oh ! but some say, there is nothing in the two acts of Edward III. to take away the King's power of prorogation, and therefore the prorogation is good. My Lords, under favour, this is a very gross mistake ; for, pray examine the words of the act : the act says, " A parliameet shall be holden " once a year ;" now to whom can these words be directed, but to them who are to call a parliament ? And who are they but the Kings of England ? It is very true, this does not take away the King's power of proroguing parliaments ; but it most certainly limits it to be within a year. Well then, but it is said again, if that prorogation be null and void, then things are just as they were before, and therefore the parliament is still in being. My Lords, I confess there would be some weight in this, but for one thing, which is, that not one word of it is true ; for if, when the King had prorogued us, we had taken no notice of the prorogation, but had gone on like a parliament, and had adjourned ourselves *de die in diem* ; then, I confess, things had been just as they were before : but since upon the prorogation we went away, and took no care of ourselves for our meeting again, if we cannot meet and act by virtue of that prorogation, there is an impossibility of our meeting and acting any other way. One may as properly say, that a man that is killed by assault is still alive, because he was killed unlawfully, as that the parliament is still alive because the prorogation was unlawful. The next argument that those are reduced to who would maintain this to be yet a parliament is, that the parliament is prorogued

rogued *sine die*, and therefore the king may call them again by proclamation. In the first part of this proposition I shall not only agree with them, but also do them the favour to prove, that it is so in the eye of the law, which I never heard they have yet done. For the statutes say, "That a parliament shall be holden once within a year?" and the prorogation having put them off till a day without the year, and consequently excepted against by the law, that day, in the eye of the law, is no day at all, that is, *sine die*: and the prorogation might as well have put them off till so many months after dooms-day; and then I think nobody would have doubted, but that had been a very sufficient dissolution.

Besides, my lords, I shall desire your lordships to take notice, that in former times the usual way of dissolving parliaments was to dismiss them *sine die*; for the king, when he dissolved them, used to say no more, but that he desired them to go home, till he sent for them again, which is a dismissal *sine die*. Now if there were forty ways of dissolving parliaments, if I can prove this parliament has been dissolved by any one of them, I suppose there is no great need of the other thirty nine. Another thing, which they much insist upon, is that they have found out a precedent in queen Elizabeth's time, when a parliament was once prorogued three days beyond a year. In which I cannot chuse but observe, that it is a very great confirmation of the value and esteem all people ever had of the forementioned acts of Edward III. since, from that time to this, there can but one

precedent be found for the proroguing a parliament above a year, and that was but for three days neither. Besides, my lords, this precedent is of a very odd kind of nature; for it was in the time of a very great plague, when every body of a sudden was forced to run away one from another, and so, being in haste, had not leisure to calculate well the time of the prorogation; though the appointing it to be within three days of the year is an argument to me, that their design was to keep within the bounds of the acts of parliament. And if the mistake had been taken notice of in queen Elizabeth's time, I make no question but she would have given a lawful remedy.

Now I beseech your lordships, what more can be drawn from the shewing this precedent, but only that, because once upon a time a thing was done illegally, therefore your lordships should do so again now? Though, my lords, under favour, ours is a very different case from theirs; for this precedent they mention was never taken notice of, and all lawyers will tell you, that a precedent that passes *sub silentio* is of no validity at all, and will never be admitted into any judicial court, where it is pleaded. Nay, Judge Vaughan says in his reports, "That in cases which depend upon fundamental principles, from which demonstrations may be drawn, millions of precedents are to no purpose." Oh! but say they, you must think prudentially of the inconveniencies which will follow upon it: For if this be allowed, all those acts which were made in that session of parliament will be then void. Whether that be so or
no,

no, I shall not now examine; but this I will pretend to say, that no man ought to pass for a prudential person who only takes notice of the inconveniencies of one side. It is the part of a wise man to examine the inconveniences of both sides, to weigh which are the greatest, and to be sure to avoid them. And, my lords, to that kind of examination I willingly submit this cause; for I presume it will be easy for your lordships to judge, which of these two will be of the most dangerous consequence to the nation; either to allow, that the statutes made in that particular session in queen Elizabeth's time are void, (which may easily be confirmed by a lawful parliament,) or to lay it down for a maxim, "That the kings of
 " of England, by a particular order of theirs,
 " have power to break all the laws of England
 " when they please."

And, my lords, with all the duty we owe to his majesty, it is no disrespect to him to say, that his majesty is bound up by the laws of England; for the great King of heaven and earth, God Almighty himself, is bound by his own decrees: and what is an act of parliament, but a decree of the king made in the most solemn manner it is possible for him to make it, that is, with the consent of the lords and commons: it is plain then, in my opinion, that we are no more a parliament; and I humbly conceive, your lordships ought to give God thanks for it, since it has thus pleased him, by his providence, to take you out of a condition, wherein you must have been entirely useless to his majesty, to yourselves, and the whole

nation : for, I do beseech your lordships, if nothing of this I have urged were true, what honourable excuse could we find, for our acting again, with the house of commons ? Except we could pretend such an exquisite art of forgetfulness, as to avoid calling to mind all that passed between us the last sessions ; and unless we could have also a faculty of teaching the same art to the whole nation. What opinion could they have of us, if it should happen, that the very same men, who were so earnest the last session for having the house of commons dissolved, when there was no question of their lawful sitting, should be now willing to join with them again, when without question they are dissolved ?

Nothing can be more dangerous to a king or a people, than that the laws should be made by an assembly, of which there can be a doubt, whether they have power to make laws or no : and it would be in us inexcusable, if we should overlook this danger, since there is for it so easy a remedy, which the law requires, and which all the nation longs for.

The calling a new parliament it is, that only can put his majesty into a possibility of receiving supplies ; that can secure your lordships the honour of sitting in this house like peers, and of being serviceable to your king and country ; and that can restore to all the people of England their undoubted rights of choosing men frequently to represent their grievances in parliament ; without this, all we can do would be in vain ; the nation
may

may languish a while but must perish at last: we should become a burden to ourselves, and a prey to our neighbours. My motion therefore to your lordships shall be, that we humbly address ourselves to his majesty, and beg of him, for his own sake, as well as for the people's sake, to give us speedily a new parliament; that so we may unanimously, before it is too late, use our utmost endeavours for his majesty's service, and for the safety, the welfare, and the glory of the English nation.

**** Whilst another was speaking, the duke of Buckingham took a pen, and writ this syllogism; and then appealed to the bishops, whether it were not a true syllogism; and to the judges, whether the propositions were not true in law.*

THE SYLLOGISM.

IT is a maxim in the law of England, that the kings of England are bound up, by all the statutes made *pro bono publico*, that every order or direction of theirs contrary to the scope, and full intent of any such statute, is void and null in law.

But, the last prorogation of the parliament was an order of the king's contrary to an act of king Edward III. made for the greatest common good, *viz.* The maintenance of all the statutes of England, and for the prevention of the mischiefs and grievances which daily happen.

Therefore

246 SPEECHES IN PARLIAMENT.

Therefore, the last prorogation of parliament
is void and null in law.

*Spoken by the duke in the house of lords, February
15th, 1676. For which he was sent to the tower.*

Suffering is sweet when honour doth adorn it.
Who flights revenge? not he that fears, but
scorns it.



F I N I S.

